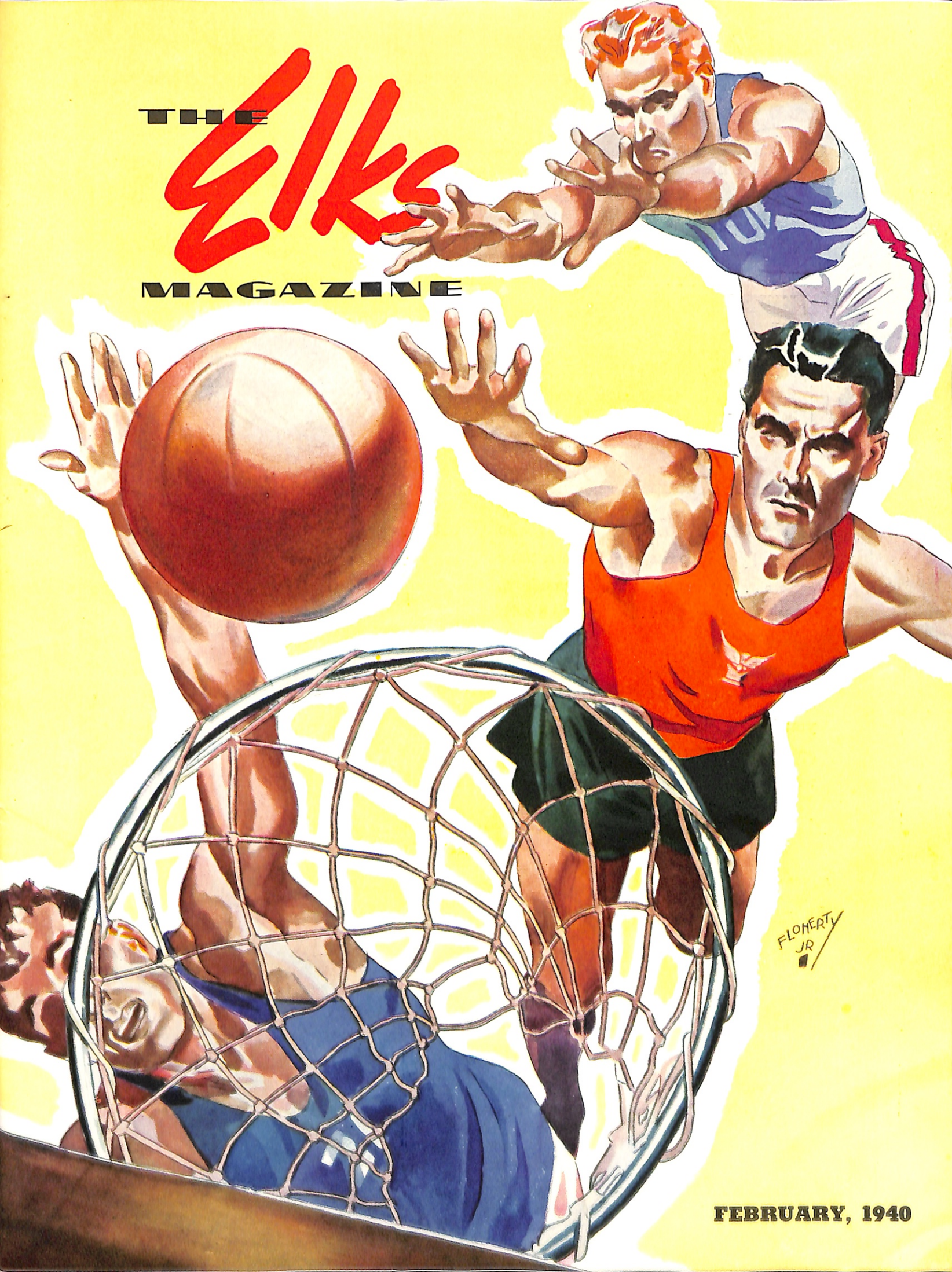


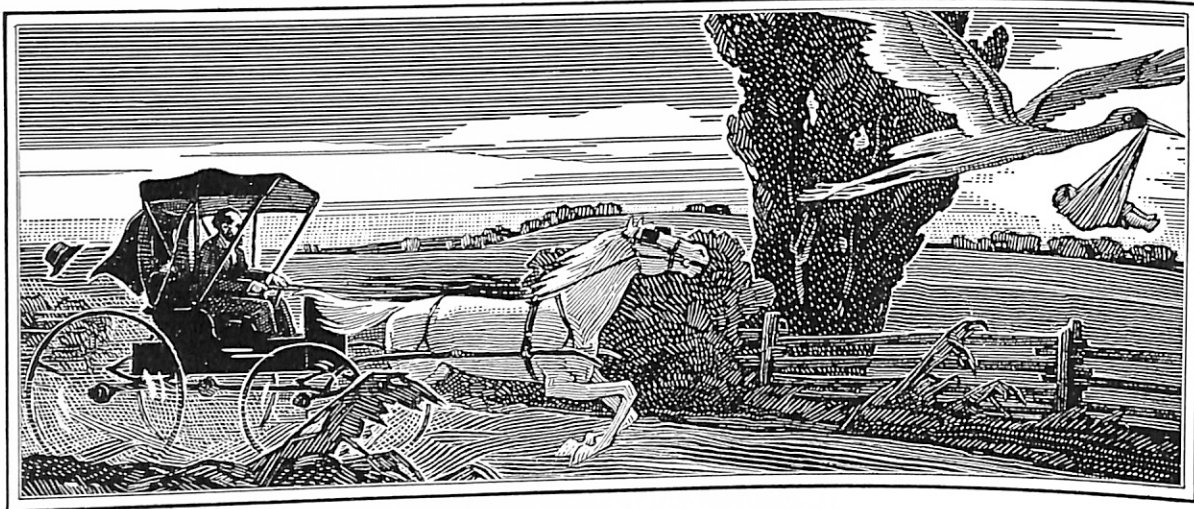
THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



FLOHERTY
JR

FEBRUARY, 1940

Who was your first friend?



Wasn't he the kindly doctor, who ushered you into the world? Then came others . . . parents who taught you love, ethics and honesty . . . youngsters who showed you how to play with teamwork and sportsmanship . . . and teachers who guided you to work with a purpose. As you journey through life, you learn to appreciate the value of friends. Today, when you count your assets, experience

tells you that the most priceless of all are your friendships.

* * *

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FEBRUARY 1940

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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The Elks Magazine. Volume 18, No. 9, February, 1940. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 23, 1936, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J., U.S.A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of change to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or the publication's executive offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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THIS MONTH We Present—

WE present for the first time, Roderick Lull, of Portland, Ore. His story, "*Just Passing Through*", is about a down and out family who get another chance through the courage of their youngest member. Mr. Lull says of himself: "I edit an industrial magazine for a living, fish for pleasure, and write stories because I don't know any better. My work has appeared in Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, American Mercury, Story and Esquire, etc., and like every other benighted American, I am engaged on a novel."

Pat O'Neill is another first timer. His story, "*Epitaph; Buried at Sea*", written in letter form, is an amusing and exciting yarn of what happens to a trouble-shooter aboard a steamer addicted to sudden, mysterious fires. Mr. O'Neill lives in Columbia, South Carolina. He has been connected with the Navy in one form or another for many years, ever since he was affiliated with the Naval Intelligence Service in China during the last war. Newspaper work has its grip on him at the moment. We hope to hear more from him, because we are sure you will enjoy his work.

The following is what turned up in answer to our request for biological material on Mr. Hopkins, author of "*The Visitor From Home*": Joseph Gerard Edward Hopkins, born New York, 1909. Graduated from Fordham, A.B. 1929, into a cold, cold world. After trying law school and the insurance business simultaneously, decided that neither was worth all the trouble and subsided into what a friend called at the time, "the last refuge of an inferiority complex", to wit, school teaching. Graduated M.A. from the Graduate School of Columbia University. During the period just outlined, the unfortunate man wrote verse. Favorite sports, boxing and handball; favorite diversions, book collecting and going to the theatre. American Magazine published his first short story . . . now we are fortunate enough to get him. His story is a realistic one of Nazi terrorism and intrigue. It made us think once more how favored and fortunate are we to live in this great, free country in peace and happiness.

Stanley Frank, this time, has told us the story of young Pat Irish, the promoting genius of the age, who put basketball on the map. Mr. Frank claims that basketball is now the Great American Sport, at least in fact if not in name. More people play and watch this sport yearly than football and baseball combined.

Ed Faust explains the workings of the American Kennel Club for those of you who are dog owners. Harry Hansen and Joe Godfrey interpret the mysteries of books and fish respectively as they have in the past.

WHEN YOU'RE
SHOOTIN' FOR FLAVOR
LIGHT UP WITH

Velvet



LOU HUTT
Ace Newsreel
Cameraman



... the MILDNESS
of fine old Kentucky Burley
tobacco, aged in wood.

... the FLAVOR
of pure maple sugar for extra
good taste.

Packs easy in a pipe
rolls smooth in a cigarette
better tobacco for both.

for Better
Smoking tobacco
—say VELVET!

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TOBACCO CO.



When you see a thing that just ought to be done, why, you go right ahead and do it—no matter what happens

by Roderick Lull

JUST inside Clarendon we had the flat. It was the tire we'd bought down in New Mexico, second-hand for six dollars, and Pop had been pretty doubtful about it from the beginning. He'd talked about it so much it had made Ma mad—she wasn't feeling too well anyway, what with those funny pains she had off

and on and having to ride all the time hemmed in with the furniture on the back seat of the crate—and finally she'd said, "Oh, bother that old tire. You talk about that there tire any more and I'll be praying it blows out and then where'll you be, without a spare and the money never so low as now?"

She couldn't have made a much worse threat than that, and it had made me feel prickly all over. Pop grumbled a bit and shut up. And now, two hundred miles farther on, while we were still three hundred miles short of the apple orchards where there was supposed to be plenty of work at good wages, out she went with a bang.

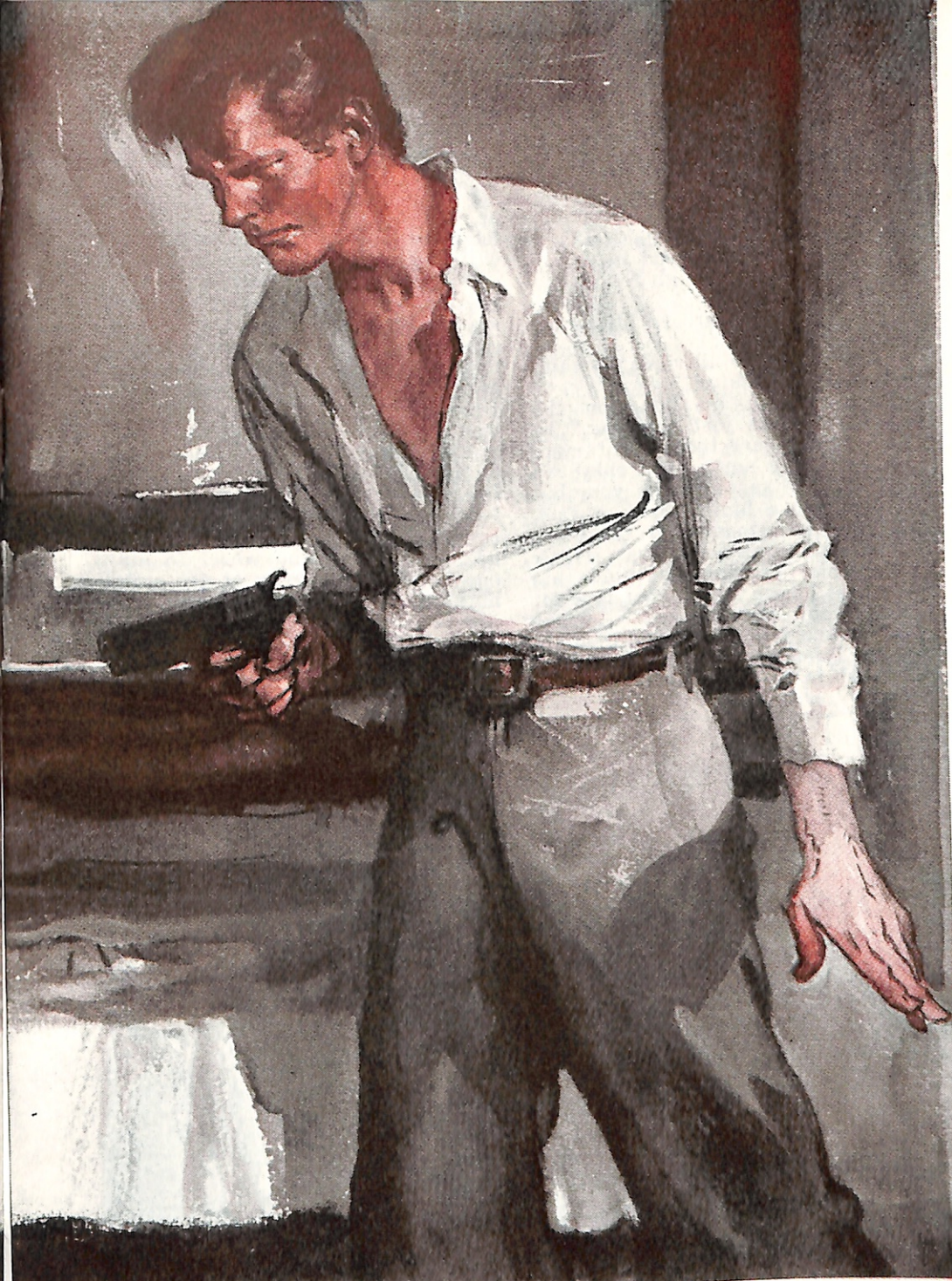
I was driving. We were going slow and I had no trouble pulling the crate over to the curb. I shut off the motor and looked at Pop. He looked at me and didn't say a word.

He just sat there looking whiter and older than I'd ever seen him, pulling at his ragged mustache. I didn't say anything either, being busy thinking what we were going to use for a tire if this one was too bad to fix. And I knew it would be too bad.

Ma spoke up from the back. "What's the matter with you two? What's that noise I heard? Why are we stopped here?"

I turned around, though I couldn't see over the stuff piled between us. "The tire," I said. "It's gone out." She didn't say a word, though she made a funny little sound. I guess she was remembering her threat.

I got out with Pa to take a look at the tire. One look was enough. There was a hole in it you could put your fist through, right where they'd made the short-cut repair in the torn sidewall. I stooped down, looking at it, and said, "Well, that's that."



Illustrated by
L. R. GUSTAVSON

I didn't have time to think. All I said was, "Go on over to the wall—with your back towards me—and keep your hands up high."

said in a weak voice. "And we got this blowout."

"Fix it," the sheriff said, "and get going."

"We've got no spare and you can see that the tire's all shot. And we're mighty low on cash. Ain't been too much work lately."

"Tough," the sheriff said. "But you can't park the heap here from now on."

He turned away and I stopped him. If I'd thought about it first, I'd have been scared to death to have spoken. But I was curious. I said, "Excuse me, Mister, but what were you looking for?"

"Some guys—maybe some women, too—that kidnaped George Betts' daughter day before yesterday morning."

"Oh," I said. "We hadn't heard of it."

The deputy laughed and the sheriff raised his eyebrows. "I guess you've missed the papers."

"Papers cost money," Pop said.

"Well—remember what I told you—get that thing fixed and moving." The sheriff went on over to his car and his deputy followed.

But he didn't get in. He opened the door and hesitated and looked back. I looked away quick when his eyes came to me. I heard him say, "Hold it," and he started back across the street.

"You, kid."

"Yes, sir," I said, and felt myself going cold.

"About that tire. I got a brother who runs a tire shop—he might be able to help you out some. Go see him. It's called Fred's Tire Mart, and you go down this street eight blocks and one left and you'll be there. Tell him I sent you." He looked away. "Tell him I'm trying to get rid of you and I said he has to help. And don't waste time about it."

I watched the car drive off. Pop said, "He ain't the worst we've run into."

While we were waiting for the sheriff's brother to fix the tire I walked down the main street, looking at the stores. It was a fine little town and I began wishing I lived in a town like that and owned a little store. Then I made myself stop thinking such foolishness. I walked on a little way and came to a good-sized old white building that looked like the city hall. There was a knot of men on the steps around a big poster on one wall. I went over to look at it.

It was a picture of this kidnaped girl, Helen Betts, and the poster said her father was offering three thousand dollars cash reward for her rescue. I just glanced carelessly at the picture and read what it said

Pop didn't answer me, and I looked up at him. He was looking the other way, across the street, with a queer expression his face, kind of frightened.

I straightened and saw a new coupe pulled up across the street. Two men had left it and were coming toward us. A third man sat at the wheel, watching. The two men were big, dressed in tan shirts and light trousers, with heavy-calibre revolvers in holsters about their waists. The first man had a silver star on his shirt and I read the word, "Sheriff."

He moved very quietly and easily for a man his size and while there was nothing tough about the way he looked at you, you wouldn't have wanted to fool with him. He was that kind of a man. His expression wasn't unpleasant but I knew he had the kind of face that could change

mighty quick and that I wouldn't want to be around when it changed.

He kept his hand on the gun butt and said, "Don't move, you fellows," in a low voice. Most people wouldn't have been so impressive yelling. We didn't move. He ran his hands expertly up and down Pop, then up and down me. He spoke over his shoulder to the deputy, saying, "Look the car over."

We didn't say a word. The deputy opened the car door and poked his head in. Ma gave a screech and yelled, "What's going on here?"

"Police," the deputy said shortly. "Keep it cool."

"Nothing to worry you," the sheriff said. He turned to Pop. "Okay. You aren't the ones we're looking for. Didn't think you were, but we're not missing any bets. What're you doing here?"

"Going north to pick apples," Pop

down below. Then I looked back at the picture and you could have knocked me over with a breath of wind. Helen Betts was a dead ringer for Mary Malarkey, who was my girl back home. They were practically twins in appearance. They were both seventeen and the description of weight, height and so on fitted Mary like a glove. It made me homesick to look at the picture, and I thought how long it had been since I'd had a letter from Mary, because we were moving about so much we never had an address for more than a week at a time, and I thought how I'd feel if it was really Mary who had been kidnaped and might be dead for all anybody knew, and it was pretty terrible.

I looked again at the picture of Helen Betts, thinking of the things I'd like to do to people who kidnaped a girl like that, a girl who looked like Mary Malarkey. They weren't nice things. Finally I turned away and went back to the car, feeling down in the mouth and worried.

It was a new tire the kid was shooting air into. It was a fine looking tire without a break in the casing and plenty of tread left. I knew a tire like that was worth eight dollars second-hand anywhere with

looked at Ma, then went on—"if you'd like to put a few gallons of gas on your bill, you can do it. Say ten gallons."

"Well, that would be just fine," Pop said, and I butted in.

"You been mighty good to us," I said, "and we got enough for gas to get us to the picking."

Pop cleared his throat. "It might be a good idea, son."

"We'll get there all right," I said, and Pop quit talking.

The man put his hand on the fender. "I was just thinking," he said. "I've heard they've got more pickers in the north than they can use. Don't like to worry you, but there's no use hiding from a fact. And I just remembered there's a fellow with a nice melon farm a little ways from here and he's got a big crop that ought to be about ripe for picking and packing now. He's a pretty nice fellow and there might be work for you. Sometimes when the rush is on he gets short-handed.

nine miles and you'll come to a ranch where it says H. E. Johnson on the mailbox. That's it."

I thanked the fellow. Pop woke up and did too, and Ma spoke up from the back seat. We drove away, with me at the wheel.

We saw the sign and turned up the road. It was a narrow, gravel road, barely wide enough for two cars. And somewhere along there I took the wrong turn. I was thinking about other things, particularly Helen Betts, wondering where she was and if she was all right and comfortable, and Pop never did watch much even when he was driving, so I went wrong. I got a hunch I was wrong when the road got narrower still and so rough I had to keep wrenching the wheel to stay out of the ruts, even at ten miles an hour. Ma started to chatter, saying she'd never get there alive at this rate, and Pop said it might be a thought to turn around and go back to see where we'd made the



the tube. I made up my mind that the first money we got I'd see to it that Pop sent the five dollars to this fellow. Pop was a little careless about things like that sometimes. He didn't mean to cheat anybody, but five dollars was a lot of money and it wouldn't do any harm to put off paying it from month to month, was the way he usually figured.

We were all set to go, and Ma, who had been sitting on the running board, climbed in the back seat, grumbling when the washboard slipped and cracked her on the shin. The sheriff's brother came out of the office and over to us. "I hope that tire holds up good," he said. "I think she will. And," he hesitated,

Thought I'd tell you about it anyway. Might be an idea to look into it—he's only a few miles off the highway north."

"Melons," Pop said, licking his lips. "They sure is tasty things. Can't remember when I ate a good melon, just nice and ripe."

I had to interrupt again—this fellow wasn't interested in Pop and all the melons he hadn't eaten. I said, "We'll sure look into that—if you'd just tell us how you get there."

"You go north on the highway six miles and you'll see a sign that says Iron Mountain Road. That must be because there's no iron and no mountain you could really call a mountain there. You go along that eight or

wrong turn. But there wasn't any place to turn around and anyway we couldn't be entirely sure yet we were wrong—sometimes you find some mighty good farms on some terrible roads.

Then we went up over a hill, down and around a curve and I stopped as fast as the brakes would allow. There was an old gate across the road. It was decrepit and awry, with an old sign on it that you could no longer read. But the gate was locked with a chain and padlock. It was a shiny, new padlock.

I looked at the gate and said, "I guess we were wrong after all." It was then that I felt the man come up beside us. He came so quietly I didn't hear him at all. I just felt him. I looked around and saw him, a short, dark man, wearing old work clothes. But I got the funny idea that he didn't belong in those clothes at all and felt uncomfortable in them.

He looked up at me without say-

ing a word. One of his hands was in his pocket and I thought it was a mighty big hand, from the bulge it made. I looked at him for a minute, and smiled. He didn't smile at all. He just looked back at me with his face showing nothing. As if he was just looking at the scenery and thinking about something else, something far away.

I said, "We're looking for Mr. Johnson's place. I guess we got the wrong road."

"You did," he said. "Nobody lives on this road any more. You better turn around."

He didn't make any threats at all. He didn't raise his voice and he wasn't at all unpleasant. But I'd have given all the money we had to have been turned around and going away from there as fast as the old crate would take us.

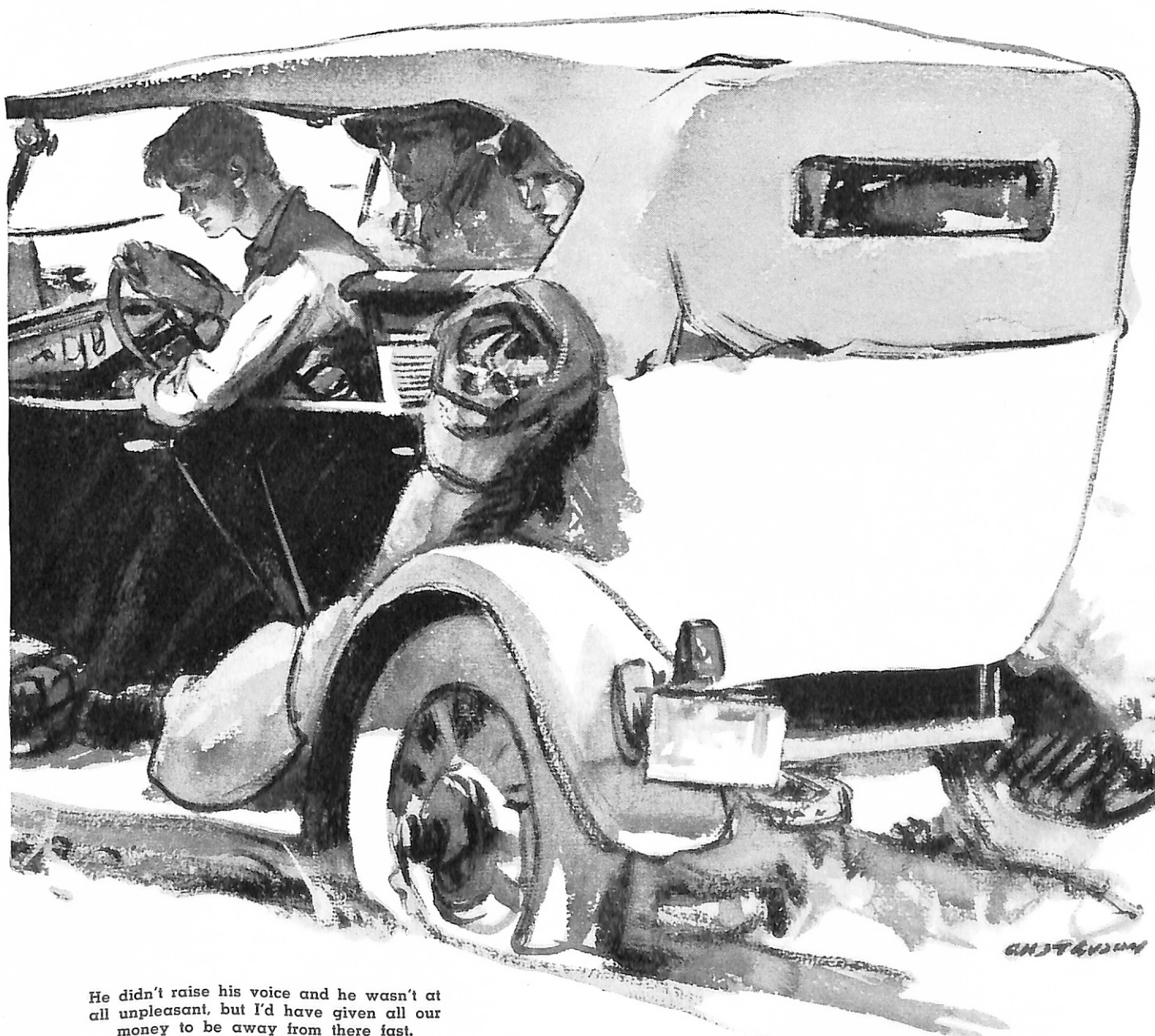
"I guess maybe we can turn here," I said. "I guess it's wide enough here."

"I guess you can," he said tersely.

Pop made a funny little scared noise and I oozed back in reverse, jockeyed back and forth three or four times and found we could make it. The man stood by the side of the road, watching.

I was just coming out into the road when I noticed the house among the trees. It was so lost among them you wouldn't have seen it unless you had good eyesight. I never saw a worse wreck of a house. It looked as if it hadn't been lived in for fifty years. The old eaves were broken and drooping and most of the windows were covered with paper. The porch set at a forty degree angle and half the boards were gone to dust. The only thing solid about it was the front door. It was a heavy door, set true, and closed.

Then I got the idea the man wouldn't like it if he saw me looking, and turned my eyes away. It was one of those strong hunches you feel sometimes and always obey, for no good (Continued on page 33)



He didn't raise his voice and he wasn't at all unpleasant, but I'd have given all our money to be away from there fast.

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

in Paris because Toscanini played his famous "Bolero" too rapidly is offset by the story of how Toscanini reproved Ernest Schelling at a rehearsal for improperly playing the piano part of one of the latter's own compositions and showing Schelling where he was wrong. After informal anecdotes about the great in music Oscar Levant hops to the subject of Harpo Marx, who is also a character. Then he plays havoc with his own career in Hollywood and New York and gives, in passing, portraits of the new composers who are now developing American music—though to what end I don't know. S. N. Behrman, the playwright, who has also helped make a character out of Alexander Woollcott, writes an introduction, saying that "there is about Oscar a fabulous quality which makes it possible, in fact inevitable, once his name is mentioned, to discuss him for hours when he is not present." I'm a bit suspicious of New York characters who are building up legends about

J. B. Priestly, photographed at lunch at his home in London after completing his new novel, "Let the People Sing", published by Harper and Brothers.



Biographer: Rupert Hughes tells the story of the fighting young District Attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, in "Attorney for the People". Houghton Mifflin.



Tom Dewey, Lawyer, District Attorney, candidate for the Governorship of New York and possible Republican choice for the Presidency in 1940.

By Harry Hansen

WHEN New Yorkers say of a man, "He's a character," and begin telling stories about him, others begin bidding for his attention. Then a "legend" starts. Best-known of New York's "characters" is Alexander Woollcott, who is even the subject of a play—"The Man Who Came to Dinner". Walter Winchell is a personality, but he is not a character. The newest candidate for a place among New York's characters is Oscar Levant, the young musician who answers questions on the Information, Please, radio program with a flip and impudent air. Oscar has just written

a book "A Smattering of Ignorance", as the result of being pursued by a publisher. It's about orchestras, composing, personalities, conductors—subjects that Deems Taylor writes about with dignity. Oscar tosses dignity aside and hammers out a number of scintillating chapters packed with so many bright remarks that you get the impression that here is a fresh schoolboy eager to rattle Teacher. The only way to describe what he writes about Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitzky and the rest is to say that he gives the low-down on them. Portraying them at their best and at their worst, he writes a most valuable chapter on the effect of an orchestra on a conductor and on a concert, showing how musicians either help or hinder a conductor, and, on the other hand, how a conductor plays the martinet or the hail-fellow-well-met with the musicians. The story of how Ravel went wild in a box

themselves, but after reading "A Smattering of Ignorance" I had to agree that Oscar has the stuff. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2)

More Talk About the Theatre

OSCAR LEVANT is a newcomer in writing about concerts and musicians, but George Jean Nathan has been writing about the theatre ever since I was in short pants, and he now knows a great deal about it. He shoots his information at you as if he were operating a machine gun. Although the theatre has often bored people, including George, he has never lost his love for it; it's an unruly child to him and he spansks it with great regularity. The wonder is that he keeps on writing with force, directness, wit, as in "Encyclopedia of the Theatre", his latest work on plays, actors, critics, and customers. Of course it's not an encyclopedia, but a book of brilliant

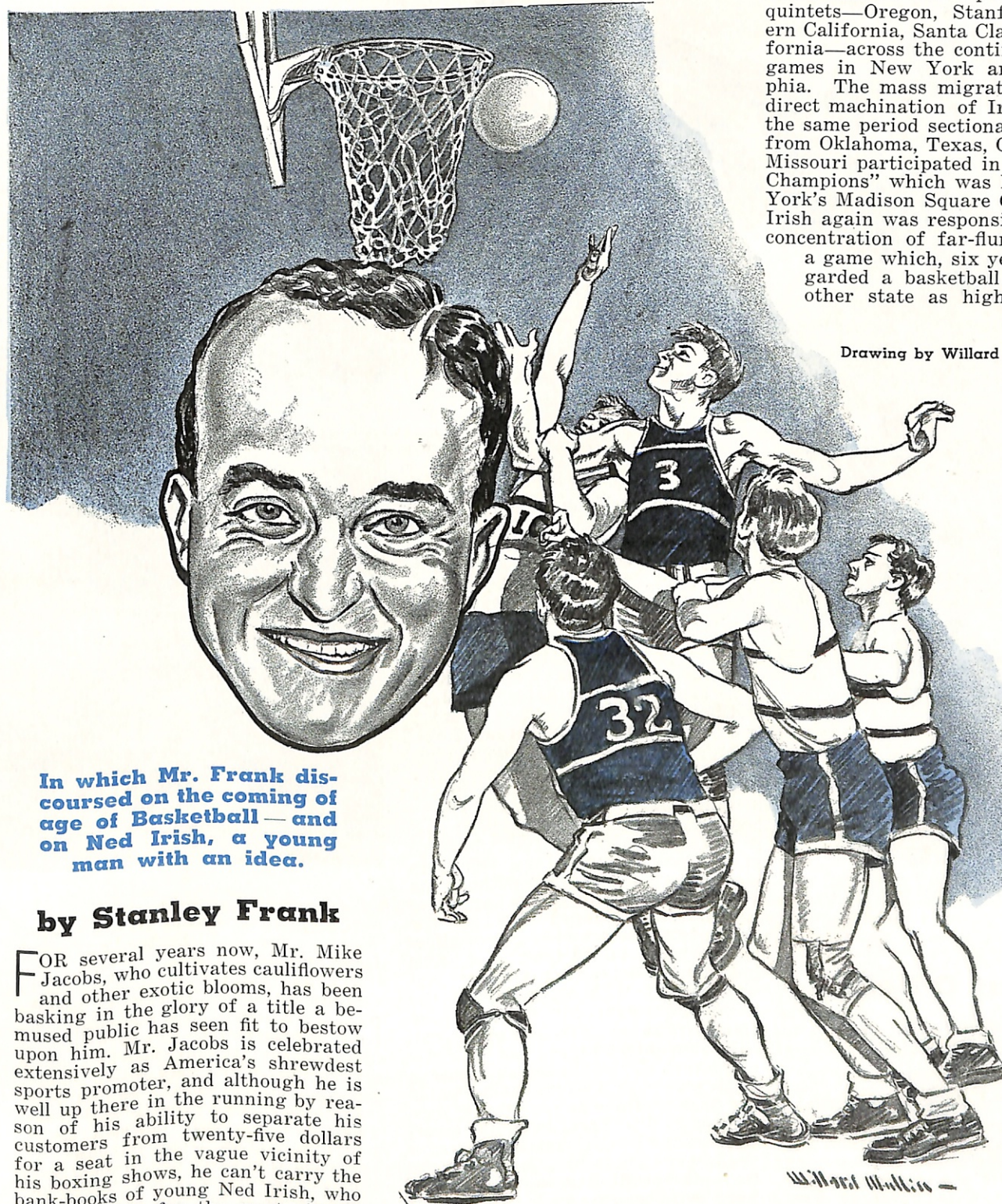
(Continued on page 42)

Promoter's Paradise

has made modest financial killings for colleges throughout the country and he has effected an upheaval in amateur sports which may result in a radical overhauling of the entire college set-up.

A few weeks ago, the Pacific Coast sent its five top-flight college quintets—Oregon, Stanford, Southern California, Santa Clara and California—across the continent to play games in New York and Philadelphia. The mass migration was the direct machination of Irish. During the same period sectional champions from Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and Missouri participated in a "Week of Champions" which was held in New York's Madison Square Garden. Ned Irish again was responsible for that concentration of far-flung talent in a game which, six years ago, regarded a basketball trip to another state as high adventure.

Drawing by Willard Mullin



In which Mr. Frank discoursed on the coming of age of Basketball—and on Ned Irish, a young man with an idea.

by Stanley Frank

FOR several years now, Mr. Mike Jacobs, who cultivates cauliflowers and other exotic blooms, has been basking in the glory of a title a bemused public has seen fit to bestow upon him. Mr. Jacobs is celebrated extensively as America's shrewdest sports promoter, and although he is well up there in the running by reason of his ability to separate his customers from twenty-five dollars for a seat in the vague vicinity of his boxing shows, he can't carry the bank-books of young Ned Irish, who is responsible for the most significant promotion of the last six years.

The tip-off on Mr. Jacobs is that he did not have the imagination to envision college basketball as the biggest money-maker, on a proportionate basis, among all the sports being presented to the public today. This should not be construed as a rap at Mr. Jacobs, for our man Irish

alone was blessed with the sixth sense which has made him the most phenomenal promoter of the day and age. Whereas Mr. Jacobs never has made a dime from basketball, Irish has made enough to choke all of Man o' War's descendants. In addition to fixing himself for life at the advanced age of thirty-four, Irish

Once the most provincial of all games, basketball today truly is the actual, if not yet the sentimental, successor to baseball as the national game. Irish again steps front and center to take a bow. For the last twenty years basketball has enlisted more participants and spectators

(Continued on page 40)

There are worse things than a fire at sea—and that's any number of fires at sea. As for Macaugh, he preferred the frying pan.

Epitaph:

Buried at Sea

by Pat O'Neill

Illustrated by
COURTNEY ALLEN

New York, Sept. 8, 1938

Dear Macaugh:

I have shifted you from the *Comshawm* to the *Compradore* as First Officer for reasons which you might already have guessed. You were so successful on the *Comshawm* business that it took an auditor in New York, and two weeks' work to unravel your reports and find out who did the smuggling. However, any port in a storm.

I regret not having a chance to talk this over with you but it was at the last minute that I recalled your windy reports on the *Comshawm* business. By this time Captain Kea-

ton and yourself and all your bad luck should be ready to get under way. Nevertheless, this letter will do. Keep your eyes open and keep your mouth shut. It may be that your detailed account of all that goes on will enable me to work on some theory as to the series of fires which cost me a pretty penny in refitting. The insurance people suspect Captain Keaton. They know he hates the Japs and hates the idea of carrying scrap iron to the army dumps at Kobe. They suspect his Chinese boy. They think that Sog could keep a better lookout if he wasn't looking into a drinking glass. They suspect everybody, and so do I. On the other hand, it doesn't make me feel pious to know I am asking a First Officer to keep tab on his skipper without his knowing anything about it. I've known and shipped Keaton for thirty-two years and a finer sailorman never pounded teak. Maybe he has gone balmy. I'm getting that way myself with worry about the *Compradore* and her fires. Something has to be done. It's up to you.

Keaton has shipped an entirely new crew. That should eliminate a large group of possible suspects. If the fires continue to occur, suspicion falls on half a dozen, including yourself, even though you didn't make the last cruise on her. I am inclined to think the firebug is off the ship, but the insurance people think otherwise. You, I have no doubt, will manage to disagree with both opinions.

It is a pleasure to know that if you fail in this, Macaugh, (presuming there will be another fire), I shall not have to fire you. Your epitaph: Of the *Compradore*. Buried at Sea.

Joel Spindler,
President,
Tiernana Line.

Compradore, Out of New York.
10 September.

Dear Spindler:

I knew better than to think the assignment to the *Compradore* was a pleasure cruise or that you might be passing out rewards for my brilliant astuteness in solving your troubles on the *Comshawm*. My father knew you for thirty years. I've been old enough to believe everything I hear about you for twelve years. (Even if I didn't know from personal observation that most of it was true.) For the past four years I've been trouble-shooter for your two-bit line. For three years I've had my Master's papers. For two years you've been promising me a ship of my own. So what do I get? You let me loose with a maniac firebug. I begin to think you want to get rid of me—and a study of the law of averages tells me you're bound to succeed sooner or later. However, let me tell you this: If by any chance I find this lunatic and manage still to be able





to walk into your office, I'll get that ship you've promised if I have to build it myself—out of your bones.

I might fool you and have a nice cruise out of this, after all. The new crew is shifting nicely and although they know all about the hotstuff of the last cruise, Keaton has let the word drop that one of the former crew is being held for arson in New York. So no one outside of yourself and the skipper and the Chief Engineer and Fan Tan and Brinesen, the Second Officer, and the carpenter are expecting fire.

The sea is so calm, the weather so pleasant it is no wonder tourists go to sea at this time to get away from the autumn colors.

Making good twelve knots as she rolls.

Macaugh.

Hampton Roads,
15 September, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

We've been lying to since the 11th.

Our cargo of rope is still tucked away in freight cars on the pier with the stevedores gone home to their darlin' wives, on strike.

It would break your heart to see how hard I am not working. Out of New York Captain Keaton and myself made a tour of the cargo spaces. He let off the usual steam about the Japs, hoped the scrap iron you consigned to us would sink or rot before they could make shells out of it. With a quick getaway he was in the midst of a tirade before I knew it, waving his skinny arms and looking like a mad hawk. He is insane on the Japs and their war in China but you're loco if you think he'd hurt his ship on account of it. And he's burned into a stuttering rage because the "rope cargo" we're waiting for turned out to be shrapnel. Were you in on that dirty business?

Fan Tan, the Chinese boy, has me guessing. Keaton says Fan Tan can't tell a Jap from a traffic cop, but that is hooley. His bland smile

The line was swung over the hatch with Brinesen riding the hook.

makes me sore, but what really gets me is that he has a better pair of binoculars than I have. I'd pin this funny business on him if I was sure I'd get the glasses. Sometimes I think Fan Tan has the skipper fooled, but most times I think that Old Eagle Eye has X-ray eyes.

Anyway, the hell with it. Brinesen, the Second Officer, took me ashore last evening and my head feels like a chain locker. Brinesen is all right, half tough Swede, half superstitious sailor. He is afraid of this cruise; said the last one was hell on nerves. This one, however, is jinxed because the ship is scheduled to be in Honolulu on the 10th of October! Savvy?

Well, it's this way. Brinesen was telling me about Sog, the Chief Engineer. Seems Sog has been aboard the *Compradore* since the

Company took it over from the builders five years ago. He and the skipper and Fan Tan and Kinneally, the Irish quartermaster—they are the only plank-owners left.

On the day in 1933 she was accepted and tied up to an East River pier for her first cargo, a little old lady came aboard and asked to see the captain. She was dressed in that lacey black rigging that was the stuff a long time ago, with a little black lace jib for a cap lashed under her chin with a big ribbon. She wanted to see the skipper and when Kinneally insisted that he was not aboard she was content to see Sog. She told the Chief that she had a message for the captain.

"Please tell your captain," she said, "that the *Compradore* has a devil in her. Tell him that she will be destroyed in the Bay of Hilo on October 10, 1938. It will be foggy, rainy and a fire will be on the shore and one on the sea."

The story got around and got a laugh. Sog, the big, fat so-and-so, used to raise his glass at meals and say, "To the fire!" Then, with changed crews and changes in the officers, the story was forgotten. It was forgotten until the last cruise when the first fire broke out as she was leaving Honolulu. Sog and the skipper and Kinneally had their memories jogged every seven or eight days after that. But it was too early, too far from October. Kinneally took a sock at Fan Tan about that. It seems that Fan Tan grinned after every fire and said, "Too elly for big file." It got the jumpy Irishman's goat and he k.o.'d Fan Tan and was going to drop the Chink in the honey chute.

That's the build-up. Who was the old lady? Who gave her the ouija board? Did you? Brinesen is getting the rhinos about the coming October 10th, although Hilo is not on our schedule.

Some days I can't find a clue.

Macaugh.

Off Hatteras,
17 September, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

Perhaps you'd be interested in the fire, you being the owner of this scrap-carrying hulk. This being the first one on this cruise it should have been bigger and better. It started in the gasoline drum storage-cage aft on the fantail. Nobody (not even me) knows how. It was doused before we had any of those loud noises usually associated with gasoline fires.

This exonerates the old crew. The match king, whoever he is, evidently is one of your white-collar class on this batteau. It occurred just after six in the evening when we were doing a nice thirteen knots and Hatteras looked peaceful ahead. The skipper was on the bridge, came up about fifteen minutes before the fire was discovered. Fan Tan was, we think, in the captain's galley, getting his chow. Sog was playing black-

jack with Brinesen in the mess. Kinneally was waving flags on the port to some tramp that was too far off to understand him even without his brogue. Jig Saw had just come out of his shop and saw the smoke. He is the kid carpenter, a carry-over from the last cruise. He is a long stick of taffy and he looks like two people you have seen somewhere. He had a lot to say about the way the lock of the cage was hung. Anybody could and someone did swipe it off with a sledge. Now Jig Saw has it rigged so that your key-hand has to crawl in on its hands and knees to get the key in the lock. But what the hell, the horse has skedaddled!

Now that the first fire has happened I know you will feel better about the whole thing. I know you'd be disappointed to have sent me on this round-the-world cruise as First Officer if there wasn't some dirty work stowed aboard. You'll be glad to know that the Jitters has hit the ship like the mumps. The crew realizes that they were kidded about that mythical bird in Gotham who was to be tried for the arson of the last cruise. Brinesen has put on his pious look which means he's scared, or his Norfolk hangover is still ringing his skull. Sog is a big help. That fat seat-cushion is smoke-screening his worries by shooting the breeze about mystery ships and jinx ships that would crimp your hair into a permanent (if you, Mr. Spindler, had any hair). Keaton is clearly out of the running as a burner-upper because he is about to blow his top with fire-worry. The new nautical wrinkle is a schedule of fire-watches by which all of us have to stand one in three, prowling over the ship sniffing for smoke. All officers off duty except Sog have to rove the ship at least once an hour. That in itself gives you the willies, especially with some of the bohunks in the crew standing around watching you.

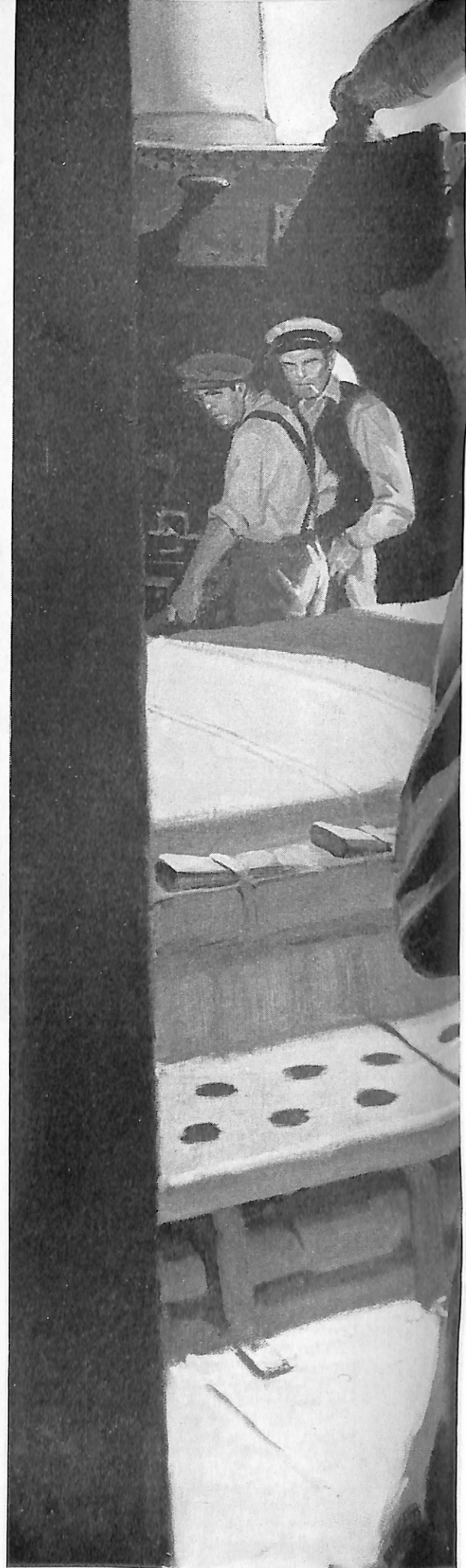
But there isn't an ill wind off Hatteras!

Macaugh.

Off Jamaica,
19 September.

Dear Spindler:

Two hours ago I came off watch. There is a full moon and the love life of the sharks must be something wonderful. While I was about to make my smoke prow, I decided that I should write a letter to that Norfolk blonde. First I went forward to topside to take a gander down the boatswain's locker. I noticed three of the crew sitting in the bow straightening out the European situation. I went aft on the starboard side, taking time out to do a little day-dreaming while I watched the phosphorescent wash. I went down the companion-way just aft the bridge ladder. Everything was quiet, the softies getting ready for some shut-eye. I noticed Sog in his room taking a small one in what you might term an ice-tea glass. I went aft on





the second deck to the holds, dropped down to the engine room where Spotton was supervising the destruction of your petroleum in order to keep this cockeyed ship running. Jig Saw was pounding hell out of something in his carpenter shop. I came up topside and went aft. And then, s'help me, the fire bell rang. Kinneally was whooping it up that the charthouse was blazing. Not being a person who goes off half cocked, I verified Kinneally's rumor and the bill for 200 charts will be forwarded from Balboa.

This time gasoline was used to help the blaze through its infancy. Jig Saw doused it with one of those beer-foam contraptions. I don't know whether to get sore or just angry, but when I think that the ship doesn't belong to me I just laugh the whole thing off. The skipper is now getting silent and grim, and if the hollows in his cheeks get any deeper there'll be another place for a fire. Sog is settling the whole business by staying stinko. In his groggy moments he talks about the Old Lady as his pal, repeating *ad nauseam*, "After all, I talked to her. Right here on this ship, five years ago. She looked me right in the eye and told me we were all going to be blasted to hell come this October. I ought to know." I haven't seen Brinesen since this fire but I'll bet he has used up all his own fingernails and is working on the wheel spokes.

I can hear you from here. You're twirling those old-fashioned specs of yours and saying, "Where was Fan Tan?" Why don't you go to the dime store and get yourself some new specs and give those to Henry Ford for his Square Dance Museum? All right, I'll tell you where the China boy was. Believe it or not, he was up in the crow's nest communing with his ancestral gods or with some sloe-eyed baby in Canton. Kinneally saw him coming down, not going up. Sure, I know it looks like an alibi, but Fan Tan isn't worried. He just told me that he was going to get some gold teeth, if this ship ever stopped in port long enough.

If you will look under Shipping News in the back of your paper you will note that we are steadily mashing our way south; hope to arrive off Colon on the 22nd, practically in cinders.

Macaugh.

750 miles out of Panama,
26 September.

Dear Spindler:

The Old Girl is ruffling her feathers in clear, hot weather and the tailfans are pushing us to October 10th and Hawaii. How the hell does it happen that we are going to be in Honolulu on the 10th of October? That is

(Continued on page 36)

I had to do a smoke-prowl before I took the mid-watch and there is nothing like a marlinspike for close alley fighting.

Visitor

FROM HOME

Even in America Paul had to hide from the agents of his own country—until at last he was forced to receive a visitor from home.

by J. G. E. Hopkins

THE early winter dusk was drawing in as Paul climbed the scuffed, brown-stone steps and turned his latch-key in the door of Number Three Twenty-Two. A small sign, "Vacancies", swung on a rusty bracket from the parlor window and the meager curtain was pulled a trifle aside, exposing a view of Mrs. Hawkins' tumbled and disordered living-room.

There was an onyx-topped table just inside the front door where the mail was left to be sorted over by Mrs. Hawkins' roomers and Paul's eye went to it instinctively, although he was sure there would be none for him. Who would write to him here? One letter had come to the old address over on the West Side; it had been censored and almost meaningless and it had come by way of Amsterdam. After that there had been nothing.

Mrs. Hawkins slipped noiselessly through the folding door into the narrow hall, her thin face ferrety and peevish under the cold glare of the single, unshaded bulb. She fumbled in the pockets of her apron.

"Evenin', Mr. Schaffer," she said tonelessly. "Cold, ain't it? There was somethin' for you. . . ."

Paul stood waiting while she emptied the contents of her apron pockets on the table: keys, thread, crumpled bill-heads.

"Wait," she said. "Now I remember. I left it inside." He had schooled his face and it showed none of his excitement. Only his long fingers tapped nervously on the stair-post. Mrs. Hawkins returned and held out a folded slip of paper. When Paul flipped it open it was blank, save for the single word, "*Weihnachten*," neat and precise in the center of the sheet.

"This afternoon he was here," the woman said. "A big man, dark-haired I think he was. He said he was sorry to miss you and he'd be back at half past six." Her voice was toneless.

The light that had awakened in Paul's dark eyes died away and they became watchful again, distrustful. His voice was sharp when he spoke.

"This man said nothing else? How was he dressed? What was he like? Excuse me, but it is important. . . ."

Mrs. Hawkins ran one hand through her thinning, grey hair and ground the other deep in her apron pocket.

"Lemme see. It was dark like, and I. . . . No, he didn't say anything else. He was a big man, Mr. Schaffer, taller than you and heavier. He had dark hair, I think. . . ."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hawkins."

Paul went slowly up the three flights to his room, the bit of paper clutched tightly in his hand. Which of them could it be? It might be Manfred. They had told him in Amsterdam that Manfred had got clear. Someone had called at the old address while he had been away one day, just like this, but they had never returned. There were only about fifty people in the world who knew the significance of that one word, written alone; to Paul it meant that one of his own people had escaped as he had and wanted to see him, perhaps needed him. The writing told him nothing. It was a neat clerk's hand like any one of a million others. God, he thought, let it be Manfred! The city would not be so lonesome then.

The top hall was dismal in the grey, velvet dusk, only the dusty skylight showed obscurely and Paul snapped on the electric light. The green, distempered walls and the uncarpeted boards of the floor sprang into view, and, neatly tucked in under the door of his room, a square of white paper. Another! He stooped eagerly, picked it up and opened it. Printed, this time, in small capitals, and with a sputter of ink at the end as if the writer had worked in haste or in fear, was the word repeated, "*Weihnachten*"—"Christmas".





He stared stupidly at the two notes, comparing them, wondering. The hall was damp and cold and he shivered a little. Something was wrong. Then he hurried down the stairs again and knocked on the door to Mrs. Hawkins' living-room.

"There was another note for me," he said when she appeared. "You didn't tell me about that. It was under my door. Did he go upstairs then?"

She shook her head.

"No. He talked to me at the front door. Then I saw him walk up the block. Maybe when I was out to the stores somebody else came, maybe." She turned and screamed into the room from which she had come. "Frances . . . Frances! C'mere."

A dull looking girl of about fourteen came and stood half-way through the door.

"Frances was here while I was gone. Did anybody come for Mr. Schaffer while Mama was out, Frances?" As she spoke, she smoothed the girl's untidy hair and the child tossed her head angrily.

"Schaffer? I don't think so . . .

Once again the siren sounded shrilly. Paul stood still, seized with a terrible weakness and trembling.

Oh, yeah. Man came and wanted to see you. I said you was out. Then he said, would I give you a note. Then he wrote the note and I stuck it under the door. . . ."

Safe in his room he flattened out the two notes on the table but they told him nothing. He stood up and moved restlessly about, stopping at last to stare out over the littered back yards and the dark, window-studded mass of the tenements on the next street. There were two of them in the city, and he had thought there were none! His excitement mounted and wouldn't let him think. It would be six-thirty soon.

They had been so gallant, so young, that sweet evening of spring almost, it seemed, a lifetime ago. They had met openly with a sure and youthful contempt of the consequences, at the Blue Boar Inn.

Franz and Toni and Manfred, all of them. That had been the beginning. The secrecy, the passwords,

the futile plans, they had all come later.

"I am afraid," his mother had said, setting her coffee cup down. They were sitting in her gold and white drawing-room and Elsa stopped playing the piano. "You are too open and bold. I hear of speeches on street corners and in low places. You are a professor, Paul. We are people of property and position. They will not forget all this."

"Bold! Name of Heaven, Mother, we are a free people. We must fight these doctrines of an all-powerful state, and we cannot fight them in your parlor. Elsa, what do you say?"

Elsa didn't look up. Her hands were folded in her lap.

"Manfred is one of us," he went on. "Your own brother! You trust him, surely . . . and me."

The girl rose from the piano and walked to the French window that opened on the garden. She had been wearing a white tennis dress, Paul remembered, made of some starched material. Her dark eyes that always startled him beneath her fair hair were very grave and troubled when she turned them to him.

"It is not a matter of trust, Paul. I think they will win. The others will win. I think you and Manfred are deceiving yourselves. Every day they grow stronger. And when they win, what can you hope for from them?"

His mouth trembled. "Hope for? Nothing. There will be nothing if they win. Only our people are too wise, too free for such slavery. If the people are told. . . ."

"Told." Elsa's low voice was compassionate and she smiled sadly. "You are not a realist, Paul. You can tell people nothing. Your mother is right. You cannot win . . . and you can lose all."

The mother smiled as she watched them. Paul slipped his arm gently about Elsa's waist and they walked the length of the room together to the little balcony outside the front windows. It was mid-morning and the street was busy beneath them. The branches of a linden tree in front brushed almost against the balcony and Paul leaned out and caught a branch and held it. The sun was brilliant and warm.

Men and women went by, walking along the brick pavement beneath; children skipped past, their high, thin voices calling to one another. Paul looked down lovingly on it all. He was very happy and they were his people. A policeman rode stolidly past on a bicycle. A bus lumbered across the intersection at the head of the street. Then, conspicuous in the easy-going crowd, Paul saw a tall, young, brown-shirted figure, stepping along swiftly, shouldering his way. Paul frowned.

"Look," he said. "There, by the chemist's shop."

As Elsa stared down, the man turned his head and looked up as if he were conscious of them, stiff and unsmiling. The girl's grasp tight-



ened convulsively on Paul's hand. "He looks so proud, so sure," she whispered.

Paul laughed. "Sure? That man? He's a little boy dressed up. He's trembling inside. They are all cowards. Cowards and fools! Do not be afraid." The young man disappeared in the crowd.

Then, in a few months everything had become nightmare-like and unreal. The escape to Holland, hidden beneath the boards that lined the canal boat's evil-smelling ribs, the long uncertainty, the one short note from his mother that told him nothing, and then the silence. Amsterdam had been full of rumors. Father Kircher was dead, they said. He had died mysteriously in a concentration camp. Manfred had escaped. There was wreck and ruin and the ache of defeat. The city seemed insubstantial to him, as if he were the only man left alive among ghosts, and among the ghosts his eye sought hopelessly for remembered faces.

He had come to America then, half a man; his money, too, was beginning to run short and there was no hope for remittances from home.

When the opportunity came he had taken thirty seconds to make up his mind. The angry looking, bullet-

headed man behind the desk nodded and shoved forward some forms for him to sign. As Paul handed them back the man laughed shortly. "A dish-washer with university degrees, eh? Times change, don't they?" Paul smiled and said nothing. They were both embarrassed. "Report downstairs to Mr. Perozzi."

MR. SCHAFFER... Mr. Schaffer! Visitor..."

His heart pounded as he leaned far out over the stair-well and watched for the first sight of the man who was mounting heavily, his footsteps creaking on the treads of the stairs. Paul could make his figure out at the turn of the first landing, but the light was bad and the man's face was in shadow. His nerves were quivering and he drew his mouth tight as the caller rounded the turn and began the third flight.

"Here," he called. "Up here."

The man looked up at Paul and smiled. For a fleeting moment Paul had a vivid memory of him, somewhere, but the remembrance grew vague and dim after the first, quick surge. Somehow, absurdly enough, Paul had connected this man with flowers, the memory of flowers and brilliant, clear, summery weather.

"You live high," said the man, laughing.

Suspicion filled Paul and he drew back a little from the head of the stair, his face mirroring his disappointment. The visitor paused on the top landing, breathing a little heavily. He wore a heavy, dark overcoat, hanging open over a worn, blue suit; he was taller than Paul and his cheerful, open face was ruddy and weather-beaten beneath crisp, dark hair that was beginning to recede from his temples. He carried a sailor's uniform cap in his hand, an officer's cap. Now he smiled again and put out his hand.

"I left a note with the landlady," he said.

Paul reached behind him and threw open the door of his room.

"You... you'd better come in here," he replied. "I must apologize..." He pushed forward the single chair and the man seated himself, his cap on his knees. Paul sat on the edge of the bed.

"You don't know me, *Herr Doktor*," he said, his eyes laughing and blue, although his mouth was grave. "But I know you." Paul made no answer. "You do well," the man went on in a changed, compassionate voice. "You trust no one. I can understand." He reached into his breast pocket and brought out a card-case, folded back the leather on one side and drew forth a thin slip of paper. "Read."

Paul scanned the hand-written lines hurriedly; when he looked up, his eyes were incredulous.

"Father Kircher is dead!" he cried involuntarily. "I heard it in Amsterdam two years ago."

THE caller shook his head slowly. "He is not dead. He is... it doesn't matter where he is. You see, I must be careful, too, *Herr Doktor*. You know his handwriting and you see that the date is not two months ago."

"You don't know how happy you make me," Paul cried, rising to his feet and grasping the other man's hand. "I... it's been so long... everything has been... Tell me now about the others... about..." He stopped short in alarm.

"You must not be afraid," the man said gently. "This is America. As for me, well, I am in danger always and I don't worry. You see how stout I'm getting? Worry didn't do that. I am Kurt Siedlinger, *Herr Doktor*. I was a member of the northern branch. We were wiser than you and they haven't discovered all of us yet. We have been at work under the surface ever since they got in. Many of the branches are still at work. We shall give a good account of ourselves soon—very soon."

"That is good," said Paul. "But how did you come here? How did you know me, or find me?"

"That is the best joke of all," said Siedlinger. He slapped his knee and laughed aloud. "I am a seaman, you see, and the Leader needs seamen. So, as outwardly I'm the best of party men, (Continued on page 43)

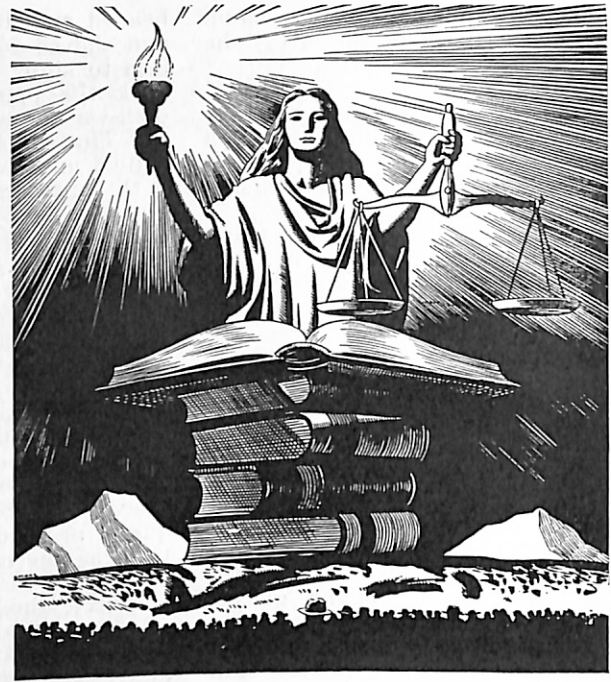
Illustrated by
C. C. BEALL

His heart pounded as he leaned far out over the stair-well and watched for the first sight of the man whose footsteps sounded on the stairs.





Drawings by H. Gilmore



EDITORIAL

Election of Lodge Officers

THERE is nothing quite so essential to the success of a subordinate lodge as the election of its officers. Nominations are made and elections held each year in the month of March. The progress or retrogression of a lodge is involved. Make no mistake about this, for it is not an overstatement nor is it said without a careful appraisal of the activities of subordinate lodges.

The Exalted Ruler is not only the principal but also the most important officer, and the best judgment of the members should be reflected in choosing him. In saying this we do not mean to minimize either the responsibility or the importance of the other officers, but the Exalted Ruler must be the leader. Assuming that he is the right man for the position, he will so enthuse the officers under him that they will respond loyally and helpfully to his leadership.

His influence, however, will not stop there, but will extend to the entire membership, with the result that the lodge will be a live, enthusiastic and going concern fulfilling its proper mission in the community and honoring the whole fraternity of which it is an integral and important part.

If your lodge meets semi-monthly, the election will be held at the second regular session in March; if it meets weekly, the election will be held at the third regular session in that month. Nominations may be made at any regular session in March prior to the night of election. If you are maintaining a proper interest in your lodge, you will not fail to attend each of its sessions during the month of March

and discharge your duty with reference to the nomination and election of its officers. We trust that on reading this you will be impressed to the extent of saying to yourself that you will not fail to discharge your duty in this respect. We hope that these few lines may have this effect, but the aphorism of Benjamin Franklin is recalled: "Well done is better than well said."

Having performed your duty in connection with election of the officers, your next responsibility is to assist them in handling the affairs of your lodge and by taking such interest you will not only be discharging this obligation, but you will be rewarded by sharing in the good which your lodge will accomplish during the year.

To Make or Not to Make Fuss

IN addressing an assembly of schoolboys Charles Dickens once said: "Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it."

Had he been speaking to an assembly of Elks he could not more tersely have stated two of the aims and objectives of our Order which have characterized its activities ever since its organization nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

We sometimes think it is a mistake "to hide our light under a bushel" to such an extent that the public knows but little of what the Order is actually accomplishing. To adopt Dickens' language, we are prone to believe that if we made more "fuss" about it the result would be to attract to our door many thousands of substantial citizens in addition to the five hundred thousand who already have joined us in the humane work for which the Order was founded and which it is so effectively carrying on.

Perhaps in the final analysis, however, it is best to follow Dickens' advice and let the good we are accomplishing speak for itself. It is being more and more recognized and appreciated. Self-serving statements are generally appraised as of little value. They are frequently employed to disguise the truth rather than to reveal it. The Pharisee in beating his breast and loudly proclaiming his virtues failed to convince anybody and called down on his head a stern rebuke.



Two Natural Wonders

AMERICA abounds in wonders wrought by the hand of nature. Among them are two bridges carved out of solid rock by the elements. One of them known as the Natural Bridge in the State of Virginia has been widely publicized. A picture of it appeared in the old school geographies along with Pikes Peak, Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon and the big trees of California. The Rainbow Bridge in Arizona near the Utah state line is the largest natural bridge in the United States and, so far as known, in the world. Like the Virginia bridge it spans a small stream which during thousands of years must have played an important part in the formation. Wind and sand doubtless shared in carving Rainbow Bridge out of red sandstone and working it into a thing of beauty.

It is well proportioned. The top of the massive arch is over three hundred feet above the small stream which flows under it. It is forty feet from the top of the arch to the top of the bridge and the span is nearly three hundred feet. Nature must have miscalculated, for a twenty-foot span would have been ample to span the stream as it is today.

George Washington when a young man surveyed a tract of land purchased from King George III by Thomas Jefferson for the reported consideration of twenty shillings, which tract included the Natural Bridge. George yielded to a temptation quite common to youth and carved his initials on the wall of the bridge where they remain to this day plainly in evidence. Rainbow Bridge can boast of no such embellishment. George didn't know anything about such a formation. In his day it was known only to the Indians who worshipped it as the handiwork of the Great Spirit, and well they might for it is imposing, awe inspiring and beautiful. In the ever-changing light it reflects a myriad of colors which together with the symmetry of the arch caused the white man, when he first discovered it, to christen it the Rainbow Bridge. Unlike the Natural Bridge it is off the beaten path of travel, but the tourist who takes a side trip to see it will be well repaid for the effort.



Spies in America

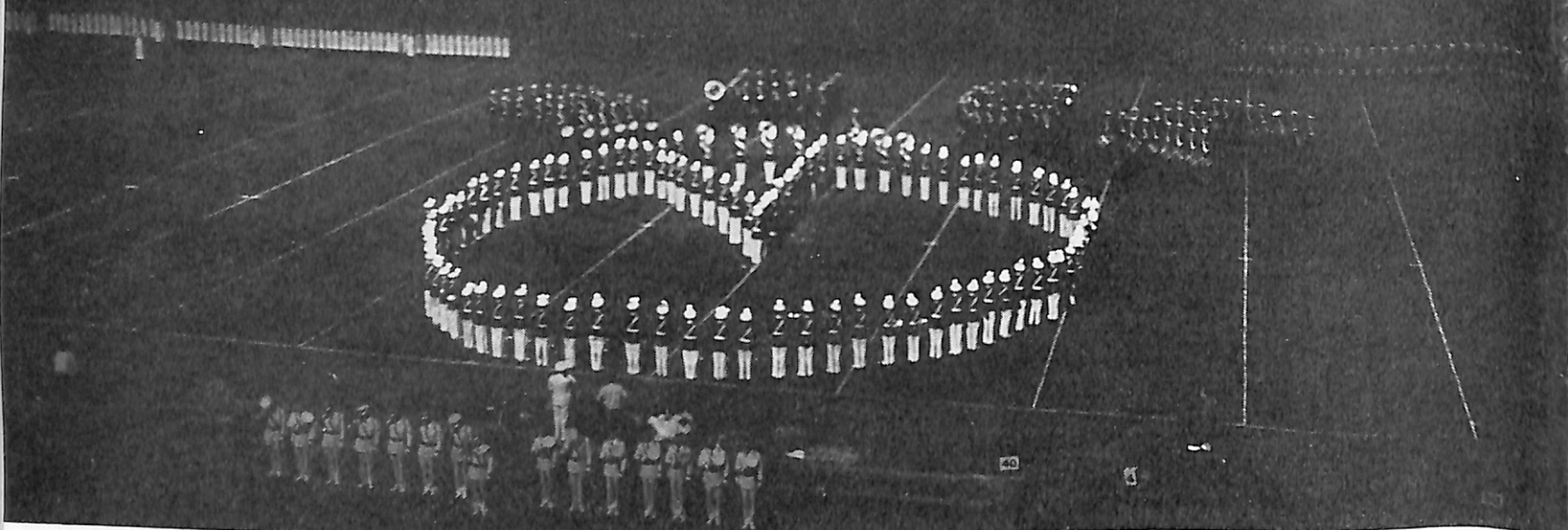
A WELL KNOWN Government official given to under, rather than overstatement, recently announced, as the result of investigations which have been in progress for many months, that there are ten thousand spies in the United States. The probability is that there are many more than that number.

While these spies are interested in obtaining and forwarding to their governments photographs, plans and general information as to our fortifications, munition plants and military establishments, that is only secondary to their main object and purpose, which is the dissemination of subversive propaganda. They preach a gospel of disloyalty to our form of government. They seek its overthrow and the substitution of naziism or communism, either one of which "isms" they assert is much better than Americanism. They form organizations with high-sounding names intended to deceive. They have been successful in inducing many well-meaning citizens to join such organizations under false and fraudulent representations as to their real aim and purpose, which is to create distrust, suspicion and a degree of unrest which they hope will eventually lead to revolution.

They take advantage of the freedom of speech and of the press guaranteed under our form of government to plot the overthrow of the very guarantees which they use to foster and propagate their damnable and treasonable doctrines.

Our Government has been slow to recognize and still slower to combat this menace. For many years it has been glossed over with the statement that there are only a few of these spies and propagandists and that their influence is negligible. On the contrary, there are a lot of them and they have been making considerable progress. It is a situation which no longer can be whistled down the wind. At last the Government seems to be alert and taking active measures necessary for its own protection. France trifled with this same menace almost to her ruin. Let us hope that the United States will profit by France's experience and follow the example she is now setting in exterminating this element of hostility to an orderly form of government.

Under the ANTLERS



At the College of Pacific-San Diego Marine game for the Elks' Charity Fund, the Bonham Boys' Band performed the Eleven O'Clock symbol while the Marine Band spelled out B.P.O.E.

Manistee, Mich., Lodge Entertains At Football Dinner

Football fans of Manistee, Mich., jammed the dining room of the Manistee Elks Lodge home to pay tribute to the youths who performed on the local high school football squad during the season which ended recently and to see them receive their coveted "letters". Wally Weber, freshman coach at the University of Michigan, was the principal speaker.

Probate Judge Max Hamlin, Toastmaster of the evening, was introduced by Exalted Ruler R. B. Stedman, of Manistee Lodge No. 250. After Judge Hamlin had called upon School Superintendent Dorr L. Wilde for a few timely remarks, Mr. Stedman presented miniature footballs to the nine seniors on the Chipewewa high school squad.

Richmond, Va., Lodge's Efficiency Praised

Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett visited Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, and attended a dinner there. Later in the evening, the Walter R. Harwood Class was initiated. D.D. C. J. Siegrist, of Newport News Lodge, paid the members of No. 45 an official visit.

Lewistown, Pa., Lodge Initiates A Class of Twenty-four

A class of 24 new members, designated as the Edward D. Smith Class, was initiated into Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, recently in an impressive ceremony on a program that had a two-fold purpose.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Right: The float entered by Modesto, Calif., Lodge in a recent parade where it received honorable mention.

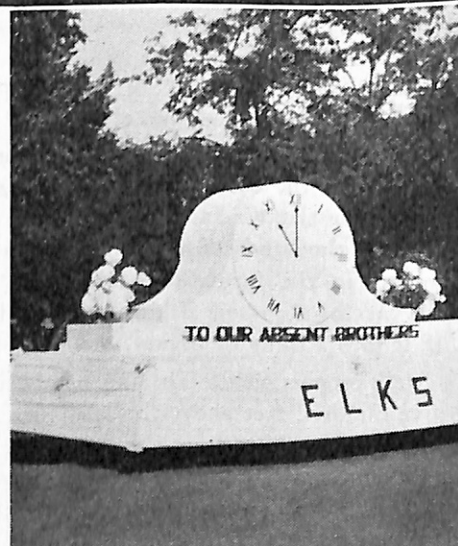
The class initiation served as a backdrop to the pleasurable part of the program in which Past State President Smith, who had finished a year as President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., was presented with a Hamilton pocket watch in recognition of his outstanding service in that office.

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home

The new home of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, was dedicated recently with a four-day program. The two-story structure of brick, stone and glass, located in the downtown section of the city, was built at an approximate cost of \$31,000. About \$4,000 was spent on furnishings. John T. Gaskins, who joined the lodge when it was organized in 1907, made it possible for the project to be financed. As Chairman of the Building Committee, Trustee W. B. Welch directed the expenditures as the work proceeded.

Prior to the formal opening, the

Right: Joseph W. Hogan and John H. Cooper teeing off at the first tee at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.



lodge sponsored a clinic for crippled children, on Wednesday, November 15, at which Dr. Horace E. Turner of Chicago was the chief examiner. He was accompanied to Harrisburg by Frank P. White of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, Exec. Secy. of the State Elks' Crippled Children's Commission. Open House for public inspection, with a program of entertainment from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., was held the next day. Refreshments were served

to the 700 visitors in attendance.

On Friday Elks from many Illinois cities were present. A skeet shoot was held for the men, a bridge for the ladies. At 3 P.M. the Elks paraded through the city. The evening ceremonies were highlighted by the dedication of the lodge hall with Joseph M. Cooke, of Harvey, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., presiding. The dedication address, delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, was broadcast. The Grand Ball for Elks and their ladies was staged on Saturday night.

A week before the dedication, a

class of 22 candidates was initiated. The December class numbered approximately 30. Plans for building the new home were started during the first term of Judge D. F. Rumsey, this being his second term as Exalted Ruler.

Hanford, Calif., Lodge Fetes Company B, 185th Infantry

Company B, 185th Infantry, National Guard of California, was feted on October 19 by Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, with 250 members and guests present at the dinner and reception given in recognition of the Company's usefulness in the community. In welcoming the guests, E.R. M. O. Richardson expressed appreciation of the Company's assistance in numerous programs put on by the lodge.

Business at the lodge meeting was dispensed with and a program of entertainment substituted. Army officials present were Col. Ray W. Hays of Fresno, Commanding Officer of the 185th Infantry, and Maj. Fred H. Hover, Visalia, Commander of the First Battalion. Both spoke during the evening. Company B made its entrance in charge of Lieutenants Lee Brown and Charles Gilmore. Bandmaster Austin James presented the members of the Hanford Municipal Band. Chairman J. E. Richmond announced that the personnel of the Citizens' Advisory Committee had been enlarged, and District Attorney Roger Walch spoke on behalf of the citizens of Hanford and the county. Direction of the program was given over to Capt. H. McInturff and his staff of officers. P.E.R. M. E. Griffith, of Fresno Lodge, was the guest speaker, taking Americanism as his subject. A surprise feature was the presentation to Capt. McInturff of a handsome deputy sheriff's badge by Sheriff Luther P. Loftis. Upon request, Company Bugler Allen Martin gave a number of bugle calls, some old and some new. Col. Hays is a Past Exalted Ruler of Fresno Lodge. Capt. McInturff, Lieut. Brown, Lieut. Gilmore, Bandmaster James and Sheriff Loftis are members of Hanford Lodge.

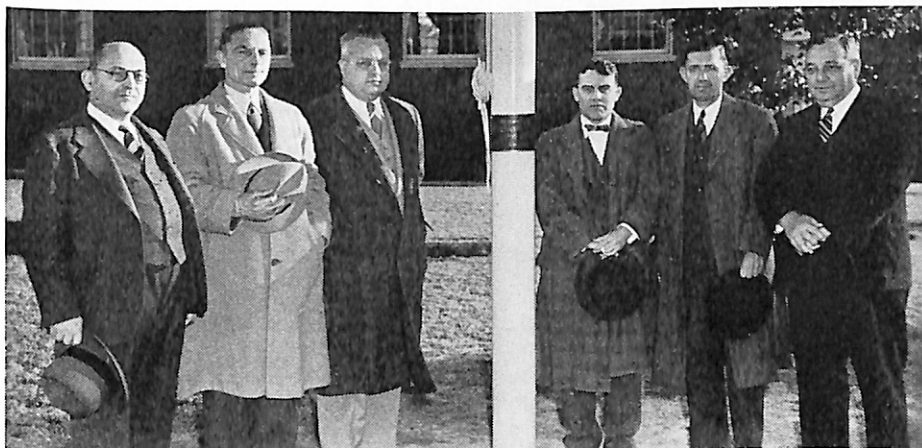
Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Stages Sixth Annual Honor Night

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland presided at the Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, annual Honor Night and gave a speech on Elkdom and what it stands for.

The Governors and leading personages of two commonwealths joined with residents of Hibbing and the rest of Minnesota in paying tribute to R. W. Hitchcock, publisher and legislator, as the 1939 Elks Honor Citizen.

Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota and Governor Harlan J. Bushfield of South Dakota sent congratulatory messages to the Elks and to Mr. Hitchcock, who publishes the *Hibbing Daily Tribune* and the *Rapid City (S. D.) Journal*.

Below are distinguished Elks of Huntington, N. Y., Lodge beside the 60-foot steel flag pole which they donated to the Robert Toaz Junior High School.



Below are the family of Robinsons, Paul D., P.E.R.; Robert R., and Paul D., Jr., all members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, with Exalted Ruler Dr. J. Park Dougall, of that Lodge.

Above: The Bowling Team which represented Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge in the American Bowling Congress in Cleveland as well as in the Elks National Bowling Tournament.





Above is the cast of the Minstrel Show held by Baltimore, Md., Lodge at the 59th annual charity benefit.

They and scores of others paid written and oral tribute to the editor who for eight consecutive terms, until his retirement in 1934, served the 60th district of Minnesota in the State Legislature. They praised him for his unselfish service to Hibbing.

Bellaire, O., Elks Give Farewell Banquet for Francis Wallace

Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, honored one of its members and gave him a great send-off at a "Francis Wallace Night Banquet" on October 31. More than 300 boyhood friends, fellow Elks and Ohio Valley officials gathered at the banquet to pay tribute and say their farewells to Francis Wallace, noted football authority, writer and radio commen-

tator. Mr. Wallace left at the end of the banquet for New York City where he has accepted a position as columnist on one of the metropolitan newspapers.

W. J. McGraw acted as Toastmaster, E.R. John Rataiczak spoke for the lodge, and Mayor W. T. Robertson welcomed the guests. On behalf of the members, Est. Loyal Knight Edmund Sargus presented Mr. Wallace with an engraved gold card case. Senior P.E.R. S. G. Crow and P.E.R. J. F. Sherry, Past Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., were among others who spoke.

New Lodge Instituted Recently At Peoria, Ill.

It has been officially announced by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters that Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner has granted a dispensation for the organization of a new lodge at Peoria, Ill., under Number 1627. There were 100 signers for the dispensation and the lodge was instituted on December 10.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Continues Charity Work

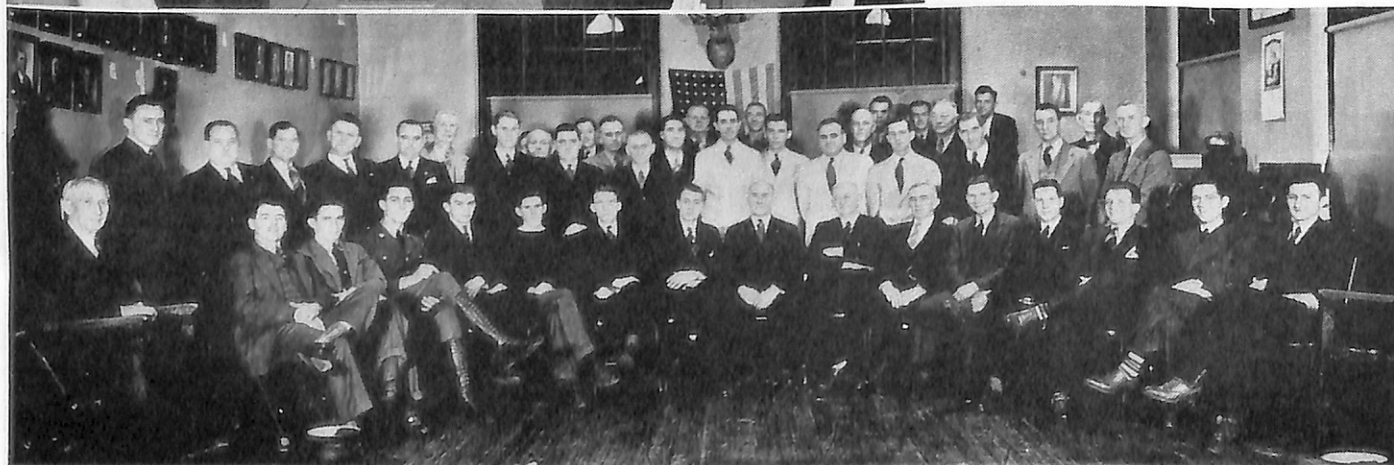
The members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, distributed shoes and stockings to youngsters from kindergarten age to Grade 6, as they did last year, with the same success.

St. Louis Lodge also enrolled its 1939 "Twenty-five Year Jubilee Elks Class" of fifteen members, initiated in 1914, under the order of business "Good of the Order" with appropriate ceremony at its lodge meeting in December. The lodge entertained the Class at dinner immediately preceding the meeting.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce

Left: A photograph taken at the close of the "Elks-Salvation Army Mile of Dimes" campaign in Fort Worth, Texas. The enterprise realized more than \$2,500.

Below: Elks of Richmond, Ky., Lodge and candidates who were initiated on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. James A. Diskin.





Above are St. Louis, Mo., Elks and a group of children who were among those to receive 900 pairs of shoes and stockings which were distributed among them recently.

A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, was the guest of honor at the dinner and at the Enrollment Ceremony, and the lodge complimentarily enrolled him as an honorary jubilarian member of the Class.

D.D. C. J. Siegrist Visits Fredericksburg, Va., Officially

The official visit of D.D. Clifford J. Siegrist of Newport News to Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, began with a turkey dinner at which 125 members and guests were present. A feature of the banquet was the presentation by Mr. Siegrist of its charter to the newly formed Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the lodge. S. R. Covey, a member, is Scoutmaster.

A class was initiated at the meeting and the District Deputy delivered his official message. P.D.D. C. B. Packer, of Portsmouth Lodge, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., also spoke, urging support of the Association and better attendance at lodge meetings.

Large Suite Accompanies D.D. Hinchey to Claremont, N. H., Lodge

The District Deputy for New Hampshire, Patrick J. Hinchey, of Berlin Lodge No. 618, accompanied by a large suite made up of past and present officers of sister lodges, visited Claremont Lodge No. 879 not long ago. The meeting, held in the afternoon, was attended by about 125 Elks, including many special guests, and was preceded by a chicken pie dinner served by the Emblem Club.

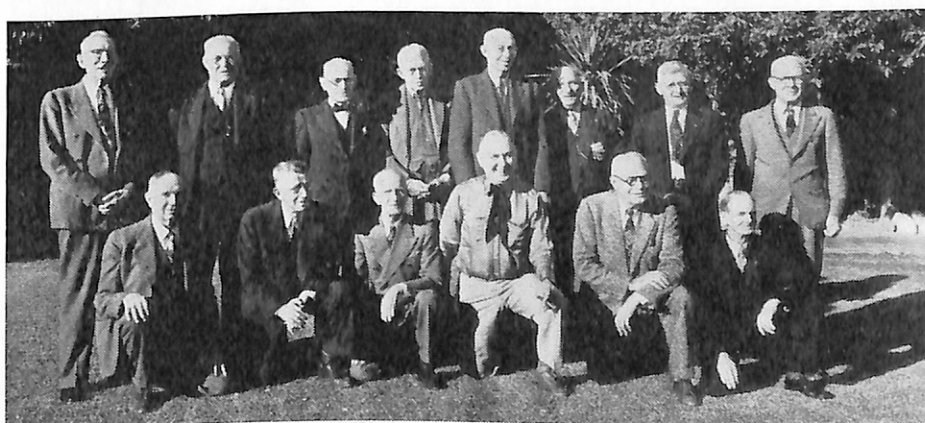
Thirteen new members were initiated by E.R. Joseph L. Collette and his officers. Vocal solos during the ceremonies, rendered by Victor

Right: Prominent Wisconsin Elks who were present at Marshfield, Wis., Lodge on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.



Above: Charles Evans, center, veteran actor, with officers of Santa Monica, Calif., Center, Lodge at a party honoring the 55th anniversary of Mr. Evans' membership in the Order.

Below are members of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, all but one of whom were at one time in the service of the Santa Fe Railway Company, and are now retired.





Above: Members of the "Twenty-five-Year Jubilee Elks Class", initiated in 1914 at St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, with E.R. Thomas F. Muldoon and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, seated center, who was an honorary member of the Class.

Charron, accompanied by Stanley Nichols, added much to the effectiveness of the Ritual. The District Deputy delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message and congratulated the membership as a whole upon the splendid condition in which he found the lodge. The House Committee assisted greatly in making the event a success.

Elks of Penna. N. W., Hold December Rally at New Castle

Fourteen of the 19 lodges of the Penna., Northwest District, were represented at the District's December Rally held in the home of New Castle Lodge No. 69. Five hundred Elks and their ladies were enter-

tained throughout the day by the local members, assisted by their wives and friends. Elks from Youngstown and Ravenna, O., were also present. A five o'clock dinner was served.

At the lengthy afternoon session, inter-lodge business was discussed with the District President, Howard Ellis of Beaver Falls. A committee of ten Elks of the District, most of

them from Erie, had come to New Castle the preceding evening to lay plans for the big "Elks' Round-up" to be held in Erie on March 9, and these plans were outlined during the meeting.

Bowling an Outstanding Activity At Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge

For two successive years P.E.R. W. H. Wilson of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, has organized an Elks Bowling League. On September 28, 1939, the League started its Fall and Winter activities. The members bowl every Tuesday evening for 28 consecutive weeks.

The League is composed of eight 5-man teams in the straightaway and eight 6-man teams in the handicap league. The official Elks Bowling Team is selected from the high six average to represent Aberdeen Lodge in various tournaments.

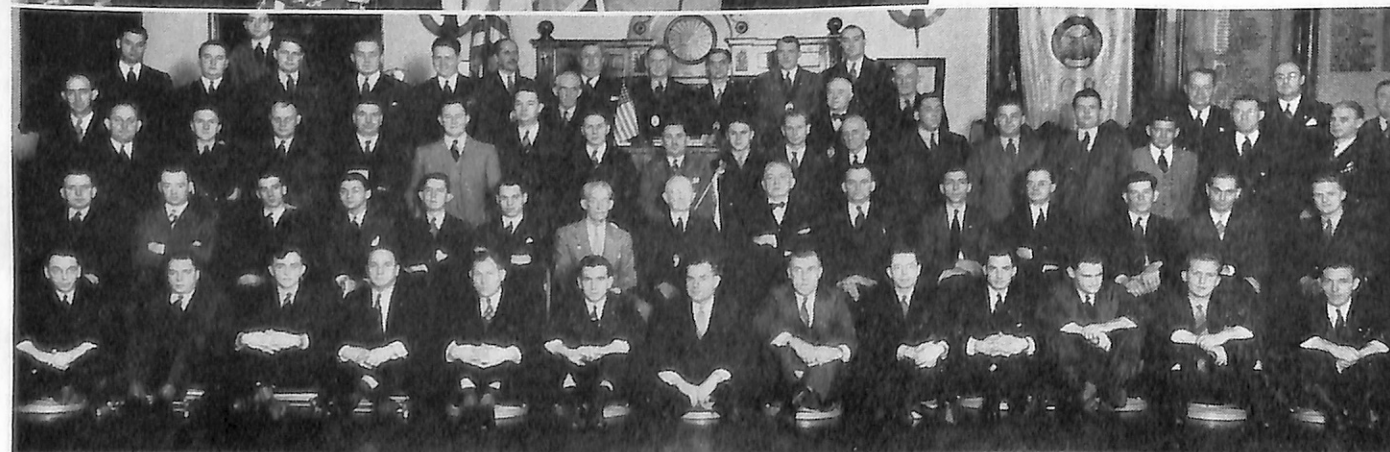
Observance of City Hall Night At Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge

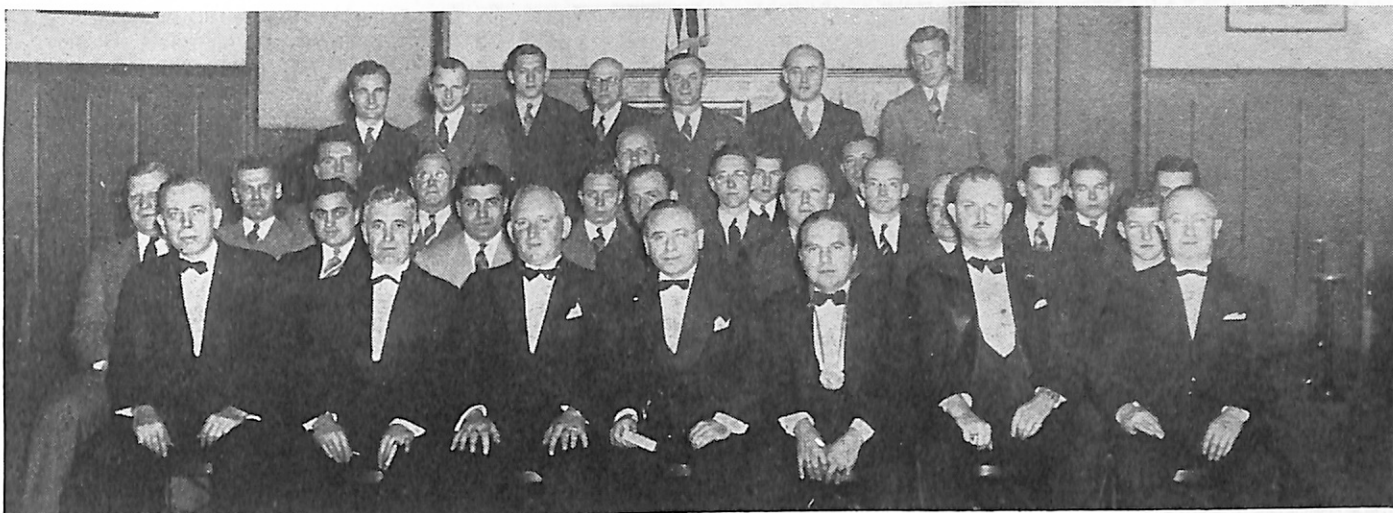
A fine meeting and a good time were had recently in the home of



Left: Est. Lecturing Knight R. K. Prater of Ocala, Fla., Lodge and his Committee present an American Flag to the Ocala High School Band.

Below: Fifty-three candidates known as the "Halderman-Charles-Sweetser Class" who were initiated in honor of these three oldest members of Marion, Ind., Lodge.





Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, when City Hall Night was held by the lodge, the guests of honor being the City Attorney, members of the City Council and heads of the various Departments. The Chairs were filled by city officials, with Mayor P. J. Maher, a member of No. 613, acting as Exalted Ruler. The Charity Fund was increased considerably through the generosity of the guests and a number of application blanks were taken.

Entertainment was in charge of A. J. Janssens of the City License Bureau, and S. J. MacKinnon of the

Below: The August Schneider Class and distinguished Nebraska Elks on the day the Class was initiated into Kearney Lodge.

The Edward D. Smith Class which recently entered Lewistown, Pa., Lodge in recognition of the outstanding work of Past State President Smith.

Water Department. The Elks Jackpot Quartet rendered several numbers and a short organ recital by Jack Keevil, Superintendent of the Animal Shelter, closed the program.

Celebrities Are Members of The "Jesters" of No. 99

Made up entirely of members who are associated with the entertainment world—stage, screen or radio—the "Jesters" of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, do much in the way of providing pleasure and entertainment for the home lodge as well

as nearby lodges of the Order and other organizations. With the motion picture members as a nucleus, the "Jesters" command an unusual amount of talent. Such celebrities as Jean Hersholt, Wayne Morris, Tiny Ruffner and Parkyakarkus are among the many entered on the membership rolls.

Recent visitations have been made by the "Jesters" to Glendale, Anaheim, Long Beach, San Fernando and Monrovia Lodges where they enter-

At bottom: A group of former professional ball players who played for the Charity Fund of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge not long ago. It was estimated that a million dollars had been paid these men for their past performances on the Diamond.





Left: The Walter R. Harwood Class which was initiated into Richmond, Va., Lodge recently.

tained the members. A fine show was put on for the enjoyment of the patients and residents of Rancho Las Amigos, the Los Angeles County Farm. Clowns and other acts participate in entertainments given in the children's wards of various hospitals and institutions. The "Jesters" give their services without compensation. The organization has gained many friends for the Order as well as for

itself. Whenever E.R. Dr. J. Park Dougall visits a civic group, a sister lodge or some other fraternal organization, he is accompanied by the "Jesters" acting as an escort and furnishing fun and amusement for the edification of the hosts.

Visitation of D.D. James Diskin To Richmond, Ky., Lodge

On his official visit to Richmond, Ky., Lodge, No. 581, as District Deputy for Ky., East, James A. Diskin of Newport Lodge, a Past President of the Kentucky State Elks Association, was welcomed by more than 200 members of Richmond, Lexington, Covington, New-

port and Cynthiana Lodges. A class of 14 candidates, named in his honor, was initiated and two former members were reinstated.

Mr. Diskin delivered a splendid address, outlining the duties and obligations of the local lodge and stressing Americanism as it pertains to the Order of Elks. A special Thanksgiving banquet was served in the club rooms.

Cullman, Ala., Lodge Initiates "C. M. Tardy Class" of 32

Cullman, Ala., Lodge, No. 1609, initiated a "Clarence M. Tardy Class" of 32 candidates not long ago with the Degree Team of Birmingham Lodge, led by E.R. Harry K. Reid, officiating in the ritualistic ceremonies. D.D. J. E. Livingston of Tuscaloosa was an honor guest. Decatur Lodge was represented by a large delegation. The meeting was followed by a supper-dance, music being furnished by the Ensley Elks Band.

Cullman Lodge was organized by Mr. Tardy in 1936, at which time he was serving as President of the Alabama State Elks Assn. The lodge is flourishing and enjoys the honor of having the only Antlers organization in the State. The boys meet in their own lodge room in the Elks Home, one of the largest in the South, splendidly equipped and having its own swimming pool and tennis courts.

D.D. L. P. Bonnat Visits San Diego, Calif., Lodge Officially

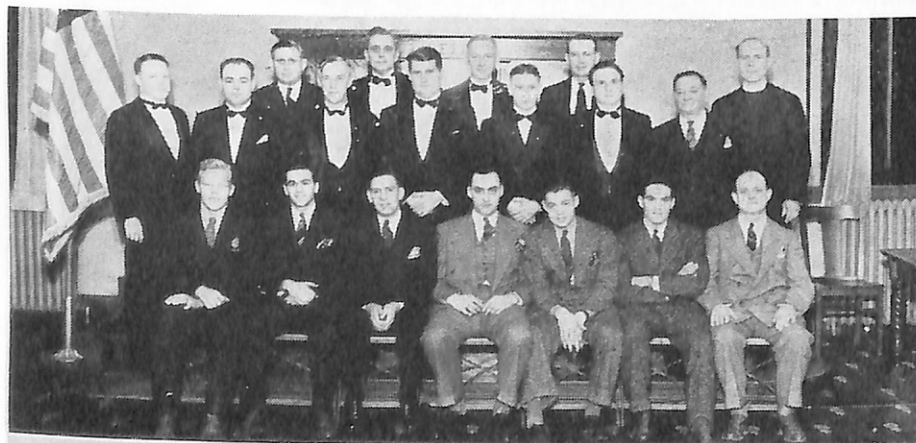
The official visit to San Diego Lodge No. 168 of the District Deputy for California, South, L. P. Bonnat of Anaheim, was made on the evening of November 30. A dinner in his honor was held at the U. S. Grant Hotel, attended by many Past Exalted Rulers and about 100 members of the lodge.

The attendance at the meeting was one of the largest of the season. A class of 12 candidates was initiated and a splendid talk on the Order was given by the District Deputy. A Dutch Lunch and entertainment were provided later. P.E.R. A. George Fish, P.D.D., was Master of Ceremonies.

Elks of West Virginia Mourn Loss of John T. Pancake

The West Virginia State Elks Association lost one of its most loved and valued members on December 6 when P.E.R. John T. Pancake of Huntington Lodge No. 313, immediate Past President of the Associ-

Below: A class of seven candidates which was initiated into Harvey, Ill., Lodge on District Deputy Night. The Class included Lou Boudreau, shortstop for the Cleveland Indians, and Ed Beiner of Notre Dame who was an All-American football star in '38.



Left is a picture of some of the Boy Scouts sponsored by Rome, N. Y., Lodge, shown at the new camp built by E.R. James A. Spargo for the exclusive use of the Elks Scout Troop.



Left: New Jersey's first Joseph Buch Class, initiated by Boonton Lodge in the presence of State Pres. William J. Jernick and D.D. A. F. Polite.



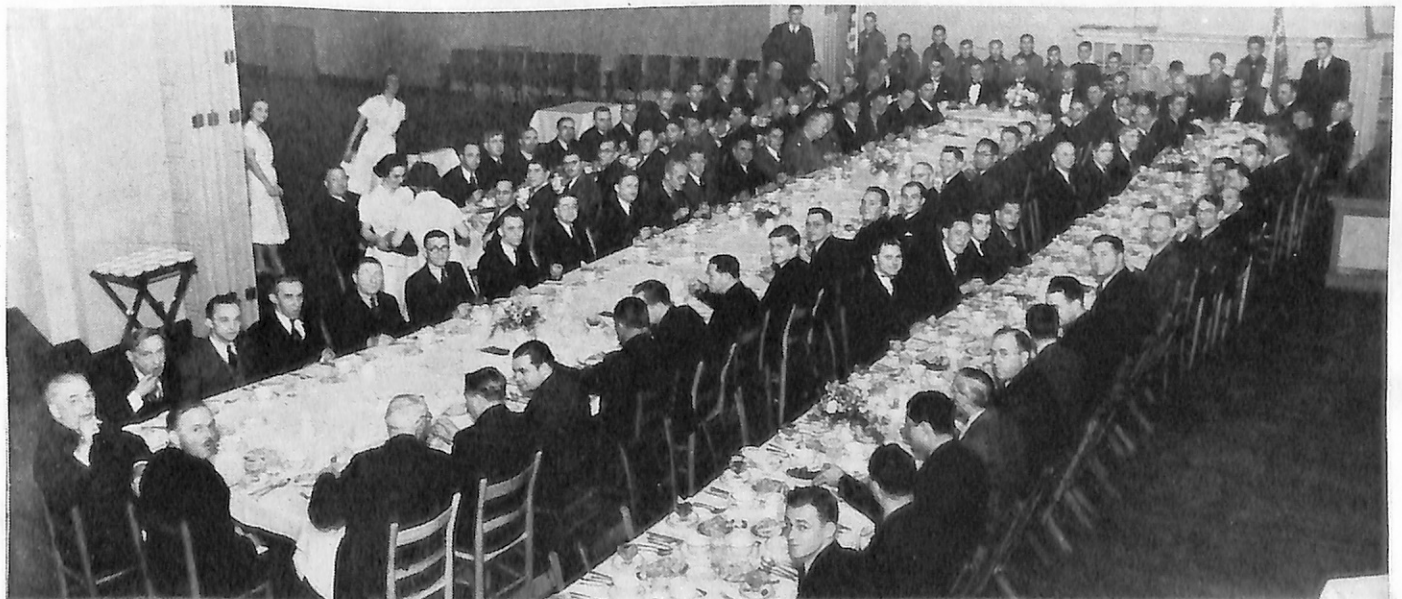
Above is the Polo Team of Monterey, Calif., Lodge which has won all but one of its scheduled games.

ation, suffered a fatal heart attack. Mr. Pancake was only 38 years of age. He was one of the Association's hardest workers and was well known for his charity work and his efforts on behalf of the Morris Memorial Hospital at Milton, W. Va. When the State Association voted a few months ago to endow an Elks' ward in the Hospital for crippled children work, Mr. Pancake was appointed Chairman of the Board of the Elks Crip-

pled Children's Foundation at Milton.

Mr. Pancake's fine character and winning personality made him a favorite wherever he went. He is mourned by every member of Huntington Lodge and by a host of friends throughout the State. His widow and a nine-year-old daughter

Those who attended a dinner given by Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge for District Deputy C. J. Siegrist.



survive. The funeral was largely attended and the floral tributes were many and beautiful.

D.D. Spaulding Completes Schedule Of Visits at Bath, Me.

D.D. Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., ended his schedule of official visits to lodges in Western Maine on December 14 when his visitation to Bath Lodge No. 934 took place. He was accompanied by 50 members of his own lodge, Portland No. 188, and about 100 members of other lodges in the District.

Mr. Spaulding's visitation to his home lodge on December 11 brought out the largest attendance in years, although it was felt that icy roads and a severe sleet storm had reduced by half the number of those who had planned to come. Among the prominent Elks present were Gov. Lewis O. Barrows, a member of Augusta, Me., Lodge, D.D. Patrick J. Hinchey of Berlin, N. H., Lodge, P.D.D. George Steele of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, officers of the Maine State Elks Assn., and Exalted Rulers from all sections of the State. Mr. Spaulding was presented with a District Deputy's Jewel by the members of his lodge.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Honors New Members of City Commission

The home of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, was the scene on November 30 of a reception and banquet given by the lodge in honor of the newly elected members of the City Commission. All responded to their invitations except the Mayor who was unable to attend and was represented by Vice-Mayor Louis W. Collins. City Manager Edward S. Clark was among those present.

P.E.R. John T. Hickmott, D.D. for Mich., West, introduced by E.R.



Above: Members of Franklin, Pa., Lodge and 54 candidates who were initiated in honor of the official visit of D.D. Fred Mac Gribble.

Robert Beveridge, presided as Toastmaster. Municipal government and fraternalism were the themes of the talks made during the evening. Lodge convened at eight o'clock and a class was initiated.

E.R. O. T. Griffin of Decatur, Ga., Lodge, Dies

Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, mourns the loss of its Exalted Ruler, O. T. Griffin, a leader in the lodge since it was organized, who passed away at his home on November 24, aged 57 years. Mr. Griffin was a member of the Decatur Ritualistic Team representing Decatur Lodge which won third place in the national contest at the St. Louis Convention last summer. He was a graduate of the University of Georgia, outstanding in church, civic and fraternal affairs and had served during the past quarter of a century as Chief Deputy of DeKalb County under two sheriffs. To a host of friends throughout the County he was affectionately known as "Tuck".

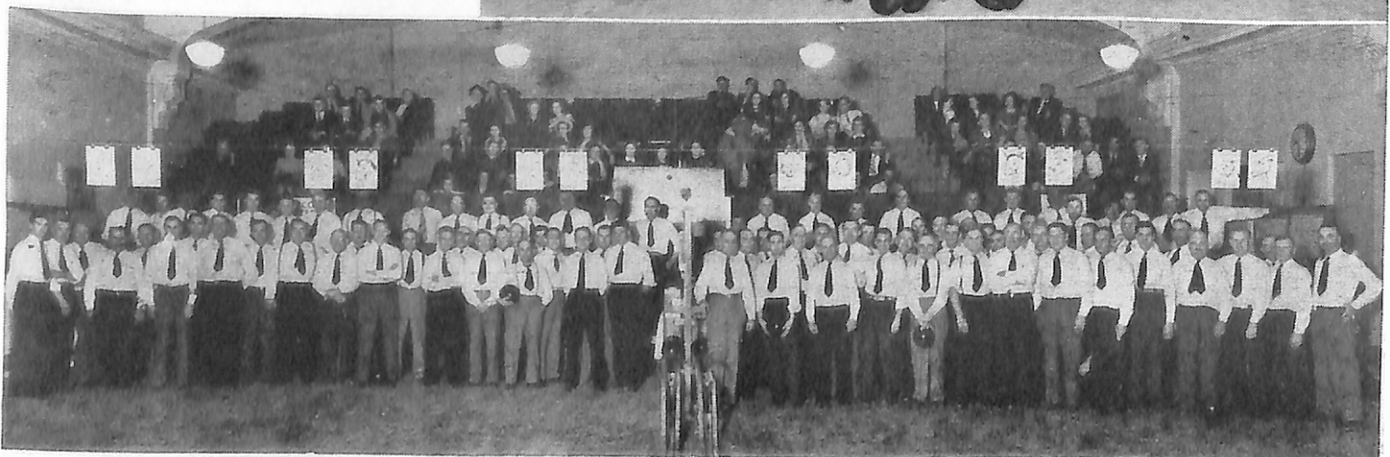
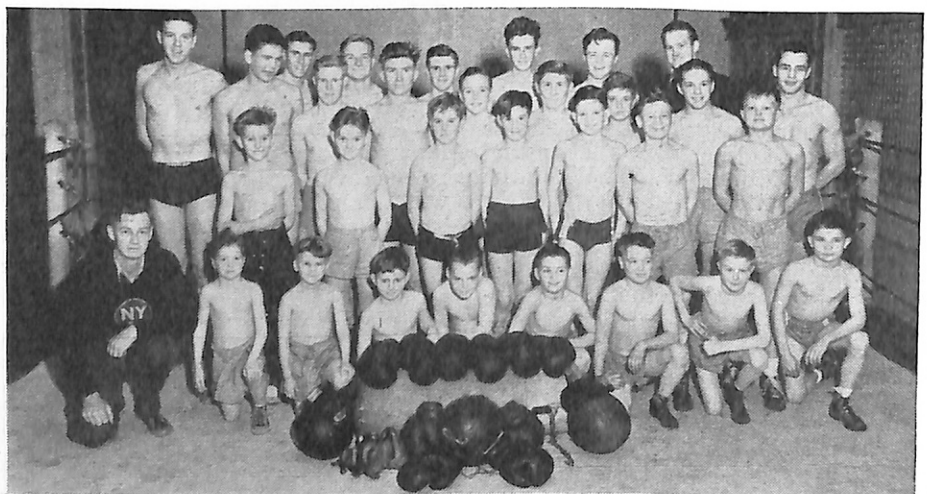
The funeral, held from the First Methodist Church of Decatur, was a large one. Services at the graveside were conducted by P.E.R. H. O.

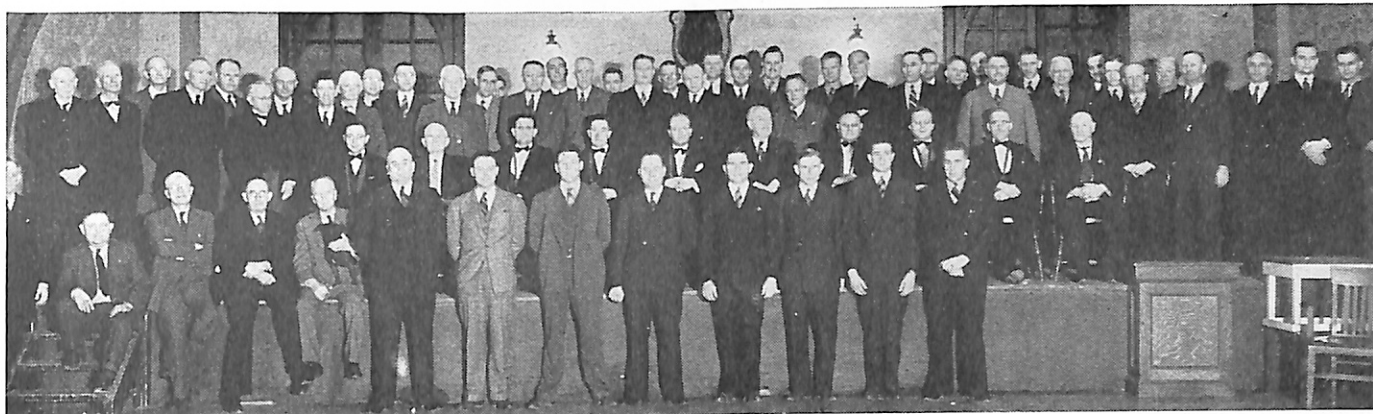
Below is the Elks Bowling League of Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge which has had an active season, bowling every Tuesday for 28 consecutive weeks.



Above: Officers and candidates of Chester, Pa., Lodge on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Max Slepín.

Below are members of Boys' Boxing Class sponsored by Eugene, Ore., Lodge; they hold official A.A.U. cards.





Hubert, Jr., D.D. for Ga., West, and the officers of Decatur Lodge. An honorary escort was furnished by the Stone Mountain Masonic Lodge.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge Receives D.D. Kimble and His Party

The District Deputy for New York, E. Cent., P.E.R. Arthur H. Kimble of Middletown Lodge, on his official visit to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, was accompanied by a large escort. Before the meeting, a dinner was served at which the District Deputy and his party, together with eight newly elected candidates, were guests of the lodge.

At the same time, Claude Heath, of Catskill, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., made his official visit and was a speaker at the meeting. Mr. Kimble gave a full report of the activities suggested by the Grand Exalted Ruler for the year's program. The initiation ceremonies

Candidates and members of Huron, S. D., Lodge who were present at a celebration known as District Deputy Night.

were performed by the local officers with E.R. Eli T. Conner presiding. Chaplain the Rev. Henry C. Meyer addressed the new members.

Activities of California's Youngest Lodge, Lancaster, No. 1625

Lancaster Lodge No. 1625, the youngest lodge in California, received its first official visit from a District Deputy on December 14 when D.D. Raymond C. Crowell, of Pasadena Lodge, addressed the membership and delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. His talk was both enlightening and entertaining. P.D.D. George D. Hastings of Glendale spoke on the founding of the Order and the charitable work in which the subordinate lodges are en-

gaged. Guests from neighboring lodges were present and a class of eight candidates was initiated.

The new lodge entered a float in the Antelope Valley Fair Parade, receiving honorable mention. Plans for a new home have been in progress for some time. A basketball team is sponsored for the younger members, a quartet has been organized and plans for a first class ritualistic team are working out. Recent charitable activities included a party for needy children to which each member brought one underprivileged child, and in some cases, more than one.

Harry English, Last Charter Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Dies

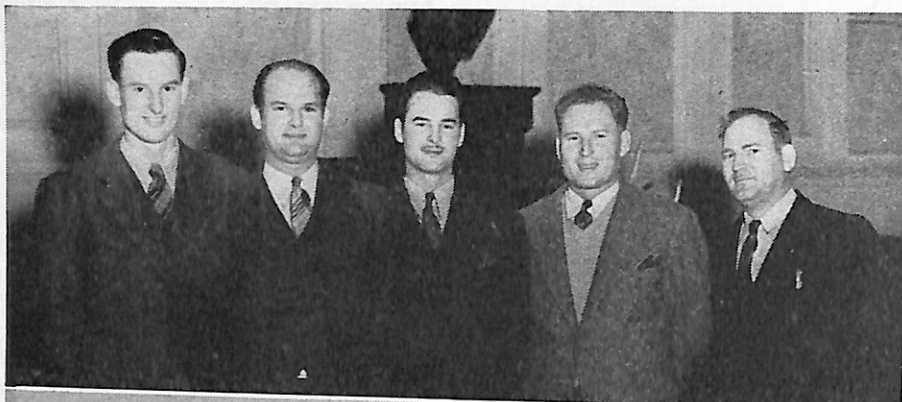
Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, lost its last charter member in the death of P.E.R. Harry W. English, which occurred on November 25, 1939. Mr. English had been a faithful and an active member of the lodge for more than half a century. He was a Past District Deputy and for many years he edited the Elks'



Left: Prominent Elks of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge who were present at the annual Roll Call meeting when District Deputy Hugh Hicks, seated center, made his official visit.

Below are some of the well known Maine Elks who were present when D.D. Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., made his official visit to Bath, Me., Lodge, accompanied by 50 members of Portland, Me., Lodge and 100 other Maine Elks. Among those present was Governor Lewis O. Barrows.





Left are the five Egerer Brothers who are members of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge. They are Woodrow W., John M., Joe K., Harold S. and William O. Egerer.



Above are officers and visiting members who were present at Berlin, N. H., Lodge in honor of the official visit of D.D. P. J. Hinchey.

Below: Columbus, Ohio, Elks who were present to receive Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. Dr. Edward J. McCormick was present.

column in *The Weekly Call*. Interment took place in Elmwood Cemetery with members of the lodge acting as honorary and active pallbearers.

On March 25, 1938, Mr. English was honored at a testimonial, that being the date of his 50th anniversary as a member of No. 79. Acting for the lodge, P.E.R. John W. O'Neill presented him with an engraved gold medal charm as a token of love and esteem.

Eugene, Ore., Lodge Is Praised for Its Activities

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, was recently referred to by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner as "a model lodge". Located in a city of 25,000 population it has 1,098 members, with a limit of 1,100 fixed by its by-laws. Shortly before the close of the year 11 applications were pending and nine additional names were on the waiting list.

The lodge takes a lead in civic affairs, specializing in promoting the

At bottom: A class of 40 candidates initiated into Aurora, Ill., Lodge on District Deputy Night to note the official visit of D.D. J. L. Townsend.



Youth Movement. At Christmas-time it entertains and provides gifts for more than 3,000 boys and girls. It sponsors a prize essay contest on patriotic subjects among city and county school pupils, a troop of Sea Scouts and a class in boxing for boys who have official sanction and cards in the A. A. U. Two of the winners in the Eugene Lodge 1939 boxing contests were also winners in their weight class of the 1939 Northwest Golden Gloves Tournament and three were sent to the National tournament held in San Francisco.

Marshfield, Wis., Lodge Burns Mortgage on District Deputy Night

Marshfield, Wis., Lodge, No. 665, burned its mortgage on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Earl F. Otto of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge. The celebration began with a banquet at which P.E.R. Thomas F. McDonald, Past Pres. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., was Toastmaster, and State Secy. Fred A. Schroeder of Wausau was the speaker.

Trustees Hugo Wegener and Ernest Zeidler burned the mortgage officially within a circle formed by all the Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. The District Deputy addressed the meeting, and a class of 11 candidates was initiated. Visiting officers were introduced by E.R. W. A. Uthmeier. State Vice-Pres.'s Lawrence M. Gerdes, Eau Claire, and Frank W. Fisher, Janesville, and P.D.D. Charles Cashin, of Stevens Point, also spoke. The total attendance was about 250, of whom 70 were visiting Elks from Wisconsin lodges. Entertainment was furnished by the Madison Elks Quartet.

D.D. Hinchey Makes Homecoming Visit to Berlin, N. H., Lodge

P. J. Hinchey, D.D. for New Hampshire, made his homecoming

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner with the Omaha, Neb., championship Glee Club on the occasion of his visit to that Lodge.

Below: Those who attended the sixth annual Football Banquet held by Longview, Wash., Lodge for the Longview High School football team.



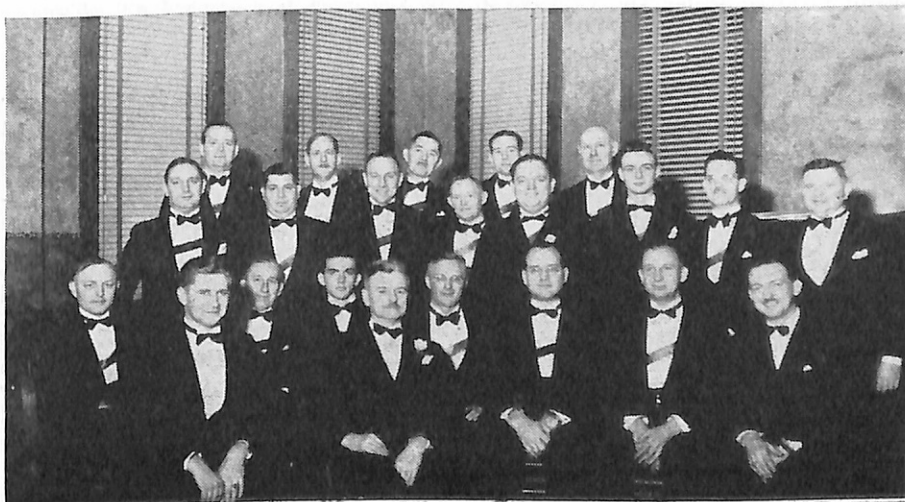
Above: The "Jesters" of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, an entertaining group of members who provide much pleasure for their home Lodge as well as neighboring lodges of the Order.

visitation to Berlin Lodge No. 618 on December 10. P.E.R. Albert N. Morris, P.D.D., acting as Esquire, ably handled and introduced a suite of more than 250 visiting Elks from the various lodges of the State. Past State Pres. Carl A. Savage, of Nashua Lodge, acted as personal aide, introducing Mr. Hinchey and a number of prominent Elks, among whom were John F. Burke, Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., Portland, D.D. for Maine, West; Charles T. Durell, Portsmouth, Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D.'s George Steele, Gloucester, Mass., and P. M. Israelson, Rumford, Me. A large class was initiated and the Grand Exalted Ruler's message was delivered elo-

quently by District Deputy Hinchey.

The presentation of two honorary life memberships in Berlin Lodge was made by E.R. Warren E. Oleson during the evening, one to Mr. Hinchey, the other to P.E.R. J. Willard Cooper. While the meeting was in progress, the visiting ladies were entertained in the lounge rooms, and Mrs. Hinchey was presented with a set of crystal candelabra, the gift of the P.P. Emblem Club of Boston Lodge No. 10. A buffet luncheon was served after the lodge session.

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GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, photographed with officers and a class of candidates at the institution of Peoria Ill., Lodge.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich., and Joseph W. Fitzgerald of Canton, O., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, witnessed one of the most impressive initiatory services ever held in Ohio when they visited Columbus Lodge No. 37 on November 29. Included in the class of 50 candidates were the Governor of the State, the Hon. John W. Bricker; State Auditor Joseph Ferguson and Mayor-elect Floyd F. Green. Fully 400 members of other Ohio lodges were present, among them being C. A. Lais, Norwalk, Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., and D.D.'s James Armitage, Elyria, Charles E. Prater, Kenton, and Dr. V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia.

As Columbus Lodge uses its national championship band, patrol and chorus in its initiations, the ceremonies were out of the ordinary, dramatic and beautiful. The meeting followed a dinner held in the lodge home. The guests assembled at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel in the late afternoon and marched to the home escorted by the Patrol and Band.

Right: At Bristow, Okla., Lodge are Grand Esquire George M. McLean, Grand Secretary Masters, Governor Leon C. Phillips of Oklahoma, Henry C. Warner and Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow when Governor Phillips' birthday was celebrated and a class initiated in his honor.

Also present were Judge Arthur H. Day of the Ohio Supreme Court; Lieut. Gov. Paul M. Herbert; Secretary of State Earl Griffith, and State Treasurer Don Ebright. The attendance of 1,000 included every elective official of the State.

On December 2, the Grand Exalted Ruler, with Mrs. Warner and Grand Secretary and Mrs. J. E. Masters and Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, went to Houston, Texas, to make preliminary arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention in 1940. Arriving in Houston on Sun-

day morning, the party was greeted by a large delegation of Texas Elks, including Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, of Temple, and Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, and the officers and trustees of Houston Lodge No. 151.

On December 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the memorial address before a large audience at Houston Lodge, and Grand Secretary Masters delivered the address that afternoon at Galveston Lodge No. 126. A visit was made to the new monument at San Jacinto Battlefield, followed by a dinner at San Jacinto Inn, which was attended by approximately 100 Elks and their ladies.

Monday evening an initiation of
(Continued on page 56)



Just Passing Through

(Continued from page 7)

reason. I got the heap straight and put her in low for the pull up the little hill. As we moved off I looked at the house again, out of the corner of one eye. And I nearly let go of the wheel at what I saw, or thought I saw. A face appeared at a side window and it was a girl's face. And I thought I heard, above the sound of the motor, a cry. Then the face jerked away and an old ragged blind was pulled down.

I looked at Pop. I could tell he hadn't heard or seen anything. At the top of the hill I looked back. The man was going toward the house at a half run, one hand still in his pocket. Then we were down the hill and going away fast.

FIVE miles back I found where we'd taken the wrong turn. We went on and reached Mr. Johnson's place without any trouble. When we drove up, Mr. Johnson himself was standing by his barn, writing in a little book. He had a fine, big farm, and I could tell by the fields that he had a first-class crop that year. We told who had sent us and what for, and he told us to begin unpacking right now—there was plenty of work for all and he was paying a good price. He pointed down the road past his gate where there was a row of little white houses, and told us to take the third from the end.

Ma had the stove going and was making coffee by then and Pop said we'd start as soon as we'd had some. Then Ma spoke up, kind of weak, as if she was embarrassed. She didn't look at either Pop or me.

"You know," she said, "I'd sure like to have a little of that medicine of mine. I don't feel quite up to snuff. And I been all out for near a week."

"Hell," Pop said, "we was in town where you can get it just a little while back. Don't see why you didn't say so then."

"Well," Ma said, "I don't know why I didn't."

I knew why she didn't. It was because we didn't have work then, or the prospect of money coming. I guess Pop saw the point, too, because he didn't go on about it. He just said, "Well,

now, Harry can go in after it in the car, and I'll start work. Here you are, Harry." He opened his old billfold and took out two ones. I saw there weren't many left. "Get the big-size bottle, Harry."

"That ain't necessary," Ma said. "The little one's all right for now."

"Hell," Pop said. "You save money getting the big bottle. You don't want to waste money getting them little ones, do you? We ain't got money to waste."

Ma just smiled at him kind of trembly, and that was that.

I don't know whether I meant to go straight on to town and get the medicine and come back, the way I should have, or not. Sometimes I think I meant to and sometimes I think I didn't. Only when I came to the turn-off that led to the other road, I just swung the heap into it without hardly thinking about it, just as if it was what I was really supposed to do. And a minute later I just broke into a sweat. I was scared to death and told myself I was the biggest fool God ever made. But I kept right on going. It was funny—it seemed like I just had to keep going. It seemed like it was really Mary who might be up there,

not just a girl who looked like her.

When the road started to narrow I stopped and turned the car around again. I was about a mile and a half, near as I could judge, from the old house. I'd kept my eye on the land coming out and remembered there was a fair amount of brush in the fields and it didn't look as if the walking would be too bad. And a man watching the road probably wouldn't see you, if you were lucky.

I TOOK a Stillson wrench out of the car and put it in my pocket, climbed the old wood fence and started out, walking at right angles to the road for a hundred yards, then turning parallel with it.

I walked until I was level with the house, then turned toward it and went mighty slow. I felt better when I reached the trees and could keep one in front of me most of the time. I went around the side away from the smoke coming up from the chimney, where the window was. The shade was still drawn. I stood still and listened and heard nothing. I crept forward, using the trees for cover as well as I could. And I began thinking what would happen if some good, honest people owned

this place and lived here. They'd have every right to take me for a burglar and to shoot me. Nobody would ever believe I wasn't a burglar, either.

I didn't have time to think about that, though. I was nearing the front of the house, watching for somebody, when I heard the sound behind me. I knew what that sound meant. It meant a person, walking carefully and silently. I stood still for a moment, then just turned around. I could feel my teeth chatter and was never so cold in my life.

The man I'd seen before was ten feet away. He had his hand in his pocket and the cloth bulged out to a point. The point aimed straight at me. He looked at me for a long time, as expressionless as if I wasn't there. Then he came toward me. He didn't stop until he was within touching distance.

"So you're back," he said, and I'd have felt happier if he'd



"Say, Ah!"

cursed me up and down and threatened to kill me. That would have been better than his soft, low voice. "I told you to get out and stay out."

I guess my story wasn't so good, but I had to make it up fast and I was in no frame of mind for stories. I said, "Seen Mr. Johnson?" trying to sound natural and not worried.

"Who the hell is he?"

"WHY, he's the fellow I told you we was looking for this afternoon. We found him and he put us to work. And he and I been looking for a cow of his that strayed. It's a fine cow and he's mighty worried about it." I looked past the fellow. I said, "Hello, there, Mr. Johnson, did you—"

Maybe if a trick is old enough it gets new. Anyway, he turned, the way a man turns who's used to moving fast. I let him have the wrench, hard, over the ear. I caught him as he sagged, and let him down without a sound. Then I was really scared. For as far as I knew, he was a respected farmer hereabouts and I'd knocked him out and maybe hurt him bad. It would be the penitentiary for me. You couldn't blame any judge for giving me the book and if I told the truth it would be laughed out of any court. But then, all of a sudden, I stopped being scared. Real farmers, I thought, don't move like that or speak like that. They don't wear work clothes that way. They don't carry guns.

I was glad I remembered the gun. I put my hand in his pocket and found it. It was an ugly-looking revolver, short barreled, of large caliber. I saw that all six chambers were loaded.

I went toward the house. I didn't like to leave this fellow lying there but couldn't think of anything to do about that. And he didn't look as if he was going to come to in a hurry. I went around the side of the house on tiptoe, listening hard. Just as I got near the new-looking front door I heard something. It was the kind of sound a man makes when he's trying to be quiet. I felt my heart hammer in my throat. I stepped to one side of the door and said, trying to imitate the voice of the fellow I'd knocked out, "Hey! Come here!" I said it in sort of a hoarse whisper.

I guess he didn't have a suspicious

nature. Anyway, I heard the door lock click at once. The door opened and there he was, a tall, thin man with the kind of face you forget two minutes after you've seen it. He didn't move or make any trouble. He just stopped dead, looking at the gun in my hand. It was pointing straight at his middle, and I wasn't three feet away, and he didn't know I'd never had much to do with revolvers and wasn't sure whether the safety was on or not. His hands went up kind of automatically, as if it was a gesture he was used to.

I said, "Where is she? And don't pull any tricks." I remembered that line from a gangster movie.

I don't know whether he was dumb

to the fellow, "Go on over to the wall—with your back to me."

I didn't like to do it. But I couldn't leave him loose to go get his gun and shoot at us. And there wasn't any rope in sight to tie him up with. And if I killed much more time the other fellow might come to. So I did what I had to do. I clipped him across the skull with the barrel of the revolver, the way I'd read about. It worked fine. He went right on down without making a noise.

The girl made a funny little sound and when I turned to her she put her hands over her face and began to cry. I guess she was scared of me, too. But I didn't have time to explain. I just grabbed her by the arm and said, "We got to run. I got a car down the road a way. You're going home. Come on, now."

She got the idea. We made time like a couple of Olympic champions. We practically flew over that road, with me waiting for bullets to start after us. They didn't come. When we got to the heap she leaned against it, gasping. I half threw her into it and started cranking, hoping it would start. It did, the fourth or fifth throw. Then I piled in and we were off.

I'd made it fast down that road before with the family, but now I really fed it to the crate. I didn't know she had it in her. We were at the crossing in no time and turned toward Mr. Johnson's farm. He probably had a 'phone and that was the nearest place where I knew there'd be people. I wanted to get under cover with some bodyguards as soon as possible. I was so scared I was sweating all over. When I looked back on what I'd done

I could hardly believe it had happened. Probably I'd wake up and find I'd been dreaming, I thought, because it wasn't in me to do things like that. Except it wasn't a dream.

For the first time the girl said something. I looked at her and saw she was smiling at me a little. I couldn't hear what she said so I just yelled, "Everything's okay, Helen," above the roar of the motor, and pushed a little harder on the throttle. Even then, scared as I was, I could feel her sitting next to me. We weren't touching, but I could feel she was there just the same. It was like the times I'd gone riding with Mary, 'way back there halfway across



"Ours has been a fine, long friendship, Dowst . . . perhaps too long."

or not, but he never said a word. He just hesitated. I cocked the revolver and he moved like I'd tossed a bomb at him. He led me through the shack and unlocked the door to the back room. She was in there. She was sitting on a dirty couch, looking white as the old sheet on it, if it had been a clean sheet. Her hair and clothes were mussed and there was a streak of dirt across her face. But I saw right off she was a mighty pretty girl, and the picture I'd seen of her hadn't lied. She certainly was the image of Mary.

But I didn't have time to think of that now. I said, "Get up and go on out. We're beating it." And I said

the continent. It was a funny feeling. I liked it. Except, of course, I wished she really was Mary.

We came into Mr. Johnson's place on all six and he was standing by his house. He came right on over when I put on the brakes and he looked pretty sore. "If you think this here place is a speedway," he said, "for you to exercise that old car that takes a city block to stop in—" Then he saw Helen and stopped. He looked at her with his mouth open.

She said, "Hello, Mr. Johnson, it's me." That was the first time I'd really heard her voice. It was kind of like Mary's voice—soft, and sort of sweet.

I said, "You better telephone the sheriff or her father or somebody, Mr. Johnson. I knocked the kidnappers out, but they're probably up and around by now."

When Mr. Johnson wanted to move he could, all right. He took one more look at both of us, then went for the house a-running. I got out of the crate. I said, "Maybe you'd better go in the house, Helen—I mean, Miss Betts. Probably you don't feel so good."

It was then I heard Ma's voice behind me, saying, "Where you been all this time? Where's my medicine? Looks like you want to worry a body half to death." And Pop's voice, too, saying, "You sure took long enough—well, I declare! He's got a girl with him!"

So I tried to tell them all about it, Ma and Pop and Mr. Johnson, who came out and said he'd got hold of the sheriff, and some other people who apparently worked there. And everybody kept interrupting and asking questions, so I never could tell a straight story. And Helen Betts sat on the running board of the crate, still smiling a little, watching me.

They were still asking questions when we heard the siren. The sheriff's car came up like a bat out of hell. When the driver braked her down near the house, it skidded fifty feet before it stopped. The sheriff and a man I knew was Helen's father piled out of the back. The sheriff yelled, "What's all this you told me, Johnson?" and Mr. Betts

saw his daughter and ran over to her and took her in his arms.

I wanted to get out of there. I was just getting behind the car, trying to keep out of sight, when the sheriff yelled for me. "You, kid, where the devil are you?"

He caught hold of my shoulder and pulled me away from the crowd. He said, "Now, you tell me what happened and tell it fast and clear."

I did the best I could. When I was finishing I noticed that Mr. Betts and Helen were standing beside me, listening.

The sheriff heard me through. He looked at me for a long minute. Then he grinned. "Listen, kid, that was the nerviest—hell, I'll talk about that later. We got work cut out for us." He ran toward his car and said something to the driver. I saw there

like a man you could talk to. So I said, "Well, Helen—Miss Betts, I mean—looks just about like a girl I know back in Iowa. An awfully nice girl. And I thought how I'd feel if this girl I know was in a fix like that. And then—well, there wasn't anything else to do except to try to get her out, Mr. Betts."

"I think that girl back in Iowa is a lucky girl," Helen Betts said.

That was a queer thing to say. So I said, "Well, Helen—Miss Betts, I mean—"

She stopped me. "Helen," she said. And that was when she did it. I was never so embarrassed in my life. She put both her hands on my shoulders and leaned toward me. She kissed me on the mouth. And when she drew away and dropped her hands to her sides I could feel myself blushing like a sunset.

"You might think of that," she said softly, "as coming from your girl back in Iowa. A sort of—well, a gift from home."

We looked at each other and I felt the people crowding around and wished there was a hole I could crawl into. It was the quietest moment ever. I could have kissed Mr. Betts himself when he cleared his throat and broke the silence.

"I can never thank you enough," he said. "And, of course, there is more tangible evidence of my obligation to you. The reward offered was three thousand dollars. I think I should add another thousand to that—I'll make out a check if you'll just give

me your full name."

He took the check book from his pocket. He unscrewed the cap from his fountain pen and got ready to write. He filled in the date. "Your name, please."

I looked at Helen again. I thought of her kissing me the way she had. I felt all mixed up and confused inside. But there was one thing I knew. There was one thing I had to say. I knew it was crazy and still I had to say it. Because it had to do with Mary back there fifteen hundred miles or so away, and with the way I'd feel if she was kidnaped, and with the way I hoped a fellow would feel if he was lucky enough to rescue her, just by pure chance, the



were two more deputies in the car. The sheriff got in and they swung around and disappeared.

I watched them go. I sort of wished they'd taken me along for the capture. I'd earned that anyway, I thought, and knew I wouldn't be scared with a man like the sheriff beside me. Only, I'd probably get in the way.

I saw Ma and Pop coming toward me. Then Mr. Betts put his hand on my shoulder and said, "That was a very brave thing."

I didn't say anything because I didn't know anything to say.

"I wonder why you did it," he said.

I looked at Mr. Betts. He looked

way I'd rescued Helen, and it had to do with a lot of thing it's impossible for me to tell about.

I said, "Mr. Betts, if you don't mind—I don't want that money for this, Mr. Betts."

From the noise the crowd made you'd have thought it was their business, not mine.

Mr. Betts sort of started. He stared at me. Finally he said, "I understand, but I don't want you to feel that way. It is a good deal of money, and there is much that you can do with it. If I may be frank, I will say that you need it, if only for the sake of your parents."

"I know we need it, Mr. Betts," I said. "But we never figured on it and we can do fine without it. And—I won't take the money, Mr. Betts."

It was Pop who spoke up then. He said, "Now, just a minute. You

think this thing over a bit more and don't you be foolish, and—"

It was Ma who said, "That's enough from you," and he stopped cold. I looked at Ma. She was smiling, and I knew she saw what I meant but couldn't find words to say. Then I looked at Pop and saw he got it, too.

"Very well," Mr. Betts said. He put his check book and pen away. "I think I'll have to ask you for a lift, Mr. Johnson—I came with the sheriff and he's gone. One thing more—" He looked at me, then at Pop and Ma. "I ask you, as a favor, to come and see me in the morning. I want you to promise that."

"We'll be there, Mr. Betts," Pop said. And I couldn't say we shouldn't go.

It was a great thing for us all when Mr. Betts put us up on that farm of his. There's a fine house and

everything you can think of. I had quite a little talk with him about it. I told him, right out, I didn't want him to do this as a reward because I didn't want any reward.

"It's not the kind of reward you speak of," Mr. Betts said. "I'm putting you people on there because you're the kind of people I want to manage my property, and they're hard to find. Believe me, that is so."

I believed him, though I couldn't see how he could tell about us from such short acquaintance. But I guess some people work that way.

There was a lot about it in the paper, but luckily nothing about Helen kissing me. It might have got back to Mary and I wouldn't have wanted that. Now that we've an address, we write to each other a lot. She says her family is talking about selling out and coming here. I hope they do.



Epitaph: Buried at Sea

(Continued from page 13)

a too risky coincidence with a prophecy made by a screwy old lady five years ago. Why don't you be a good sport and order the batteau to Hilo just for the hell of it?

The skipper sent me ashore to the Company offices for the cargo manifests. That little squirt you have working for you down here almost got his face rubbed for his cracking Keaton because he insulted the Japs. The pickup was sixty tons of rubber latex and four crated German planes. How did they get stranded down here? Isn't it wonderful?

By accident or design or both I met up with Brinesen and went over to Panama City. First it was the Metropole, then Jimmy Kelly's and then a booboo joint which, in Bombay, might pass for a fourth-class night club. Mucho brass and bamboo and heavy lanterns and red paisley.

We ran into Jig Saw and Kinneally but they didn't know it because they were singing drunk. I worked hard the rest of the evening trying to shake Brinesen out of his funk and it is only my youth and clean living that got me aboard without my head spinning like a swivel.

The next day, by the time we got the rubber and planes aboard, we didn't get under way until noon. Keaton was in a bad mood. I was taking the ship out and when the skipper came on the bridge I wasn't sure whether he looked as bad as a scrap-iron wharf, or whether it was all part of my hangover. Anyway, we got under way. That was Thursday; that much I remember. I thought those four hours would never end and I swore forty times

I'd never take another drink, even medicinally. At four o'clock Brinesen came up to relieve me and at the same four o'clock, when I was headed for my bunk, fire broke out in Number 3 hold.

It wasn't much as our fires go. We could do better if we really tried. The hatchcover was burned away so that it will be a job to make it watertight, but Jig Saw started at the job anyway. It was almost the last straw for the skipper. He mustered all hands that evening and told them it was the duty of every man aboard to save the ship and themselves from that so-and-so of a firebug, whoever the hell he was. He said there was no need of a reward because if the maniac wasn't soon found it would be Fiddler's Green for all of us. So, you swabs, look sharp all of you for anybody acting suspicious in any part of the ship, any time.

That night I saw Sog shaking the last drop of blood out of a rum bottle. Then he looked down into it to see what the hell. Then he slapped the bottom of it with his palm to squeeze the last nubbin. Then he laid the empty in a drawer of his clothes locker, and placed a clean shirt over it, with the arms folded abreast. Then he reverently closed the drawer. What do you make of it?

It's hot, but it will probably be hotter!

Macaugh.

1540 miles out of Panama,
En route Honolulu,
29 September.

Dear Spindler:

You should have come along. This

ship is as goofy as a swing rodeo. The skipper has the shakes and the vibration has gone down to the last oiler in the crew. Sog keeps himself under a rum anaesthetic. Kinneally is acting tough but I have heard more stories of the banshee than I ever heard in my life. Kinneally thinks the jinx is the Chinaman. The Chinaman seems to look puzzled, but you never can tell much about the pan of an oriental—especially Fan Tan's.

Brinesen is my present problem. I don't think the skipper or anyone else knows that his nerve is almost gone. This morning he had the four to eight and he called me out of my childish slumber to hotfoot it to the bridge. He pointed out a steamer about five miles off our port quarter. He said he spotted her a few minutes after going on watch but he couldn't get her to name herself. To show you how rattled Brinesen has become, he didn't know whether to call the skipper or not. When I got there he was pacing up and down biting his nails—so I called the skipper.

The three of us tried to make her out but it was not until the sun was up and we changed course to get the tramp out of the sun that we could see she was Russian. When we changed our course she did, too. When we changed back, she'd ditto. If we drop back, or if we put on extra turns, she does likewise. Now what the hell is this?

I wouldn't be surprised if you are aboard her just to be in on our finish.

Macaugh.

Very much at sea.
The 30th.

Dear Spindler:

The tramp is still tailing us. Still silent, but last night she carried regular running lights. I thought this would be the last straw for the skipper but it seems to have perked him up. He keeps saying I'll be damned, I'll be damned, and gets a kick out of trying to bring her abeam. The rest of us are keeping one eye on the tramp and one eye on the hatches for smoke.

At 10:30 last night I flicked my cigarette over the side and told Brinesen to hit himself on the head and get some sleep. I had to do a smoke-prowl before I took the mid-watch. There is nothing like a marlinspike for close alley fighting. And a flashlight isn't a bad weapon. I was going aft on the starboard side of Number 3 hold on the third deck when I realized that someone was footpadding me. I went on in my best form of nonchalance because whoever he was he was too far astern of me to make contact. At the main blowers I went up on a steel ladder to the second deck, made as if I was walking off. I slipped off my shoes and came back to the hatch coaming and sure enough, the mystery man was taking it hand over hand. Then, I confess I got slightly mixed up. I thought the marlinspike was the light and I pressed it with my thumb just as I conked him with the flashlight. He hit the deck like a flying-fish.

I suppose you are that prying kind who wouldn't scruple at asking who it was. Well, I'll tell you. It was Fan Tan. Why was he following me? He said I acted suspicious, velly funny, and the Captain told him to watch velly funny people. Well, I thought he looked velly funny, too, this morning when I saw him with something that looked like a bird's nest on his head.

Macaugh.

2065 miles out of Panama, En route to . . . ?
1 October, 1938,
Dear Spindler:

Well, if you got my letters from Panama you will get a belly-laugh out of the change in course. It took the skipper to explain why a Company Agent in Honolulu can divert this batteau to Hilo to pick up some additional bric-a-brac for Mitsui in Kobe.

That Agent must be the son-in-law of the Old Lady who put the jinx on this tub five years ago. How did she know we would be in Hilo on October 10th, 1938? And how come she talked about fires and now, after five years, we can think of nothing else? The tramp that is tailing us must be one of the Old Lady's props because she shifted to our new course. Will she be in on the finish?

Will I go crazy? How about a raise? Give it to the folks and tell Mother I won't be there.

Macaugh.

2815 miles from Panama.
4 October, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

Just to show you how goofy I have become under this stress and strain, I have put carbons of all my letters up to this one in one of Sog's best rum bottles and sealed it like a time capsule. If I have strength enough to crawl down here through the charred remains, I aim to throw it in the sea.

The fire (the fourth this cruise) broke out in Number 4 hold this morning. It was a honey and the bug did his best to make a go of it. About six people discovered it at the same time and it was going good enough to blow the top, ripping the hatch cover to pieces. With the hatch open the hoses got a chance. I had the starboard side with two hoses, Brinesen was running the port show. The water piped the flame down enough to let us see it was coming from the deep center. The shrapnel you slipped us in the innocent guise of "rope" was on top, crates of it, which gave the conflagration a certain lilt of zestful excitement that would make any New York coming-out party a success by itself, really!

Practically as soon as the fire was discovered, the skipper ordered steam for the deck winches and cargo booms. With the fire down a bit it looked as though we could hook the stuff out and at the same time get down to the source of the fire which the water didn't seem to affect. The line was swung over the hatch with Brinesen riding the hook. He was half lost in the smoke but we damped him down with plenty of water, so much so that he slipped when he stepped off and fell fanny-flat on the shrapnel cases. Just then . . . POW! The bullets went off in a blast of beauty that would have done credit to a world's fair. It shattered the hold into a mess—but it practically put the fire out. We haven't seen Brinesen since.

Macaugh.

P.S.—The Russian tramp broke her silence. Hoisted a signal asking us if we had a fire. The skipper refused to be kidded, refused to answer.

P.P.S.—An empty acetylene tank, shoulder type, was found in the remains of the hold. Jig Saw reports one missing from his rack, says it was probably planted with the jet open.

En route to Hilo and Hell,
5 October.

Dear Spindler:

Fire in the stores. Started with some sort of a bomb sometime during the morning watch. Not as much damage to your damn ship as it did to our grub.

Have you an office vacancy?

Macaugh.

1176 miles to Hilo,
6 October, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

I am not the kind who wastes my time; every minute I try to improve myself. For instance, I know that tired shipowners like you are sometimes bothered by mosquitoes when you go home after a hard day's work making money out of the Jap war. So I said, what could be better than taking a quantity of raw rubber, soaking it plenty with gasoline, and setting it afire? It makes the swell-est, damndest bunch of smoke you ever laid your eyes on; real dark, black, sooty, perma-



"It's just his way of saying, 'This is the stupidest party I've ever attended.'"

ment pitch that would make an ace of spades out of any mosquito.

I got this idea this afternoon as I watched a jolly conflagration raging in Number 2 hold, pursuant to the touch-and-go of one arsonist whose identity I don't know. The rubber goo is over everything and, in addition, your ship stinks. If the wind is right from now on we won't need to send an arrival report.

Jig Saw openly accuses Fan Tan of the whole business. He caught the Chink drawing gas from the tap drum. The Chink says it was to clean the skipper's vest. The skipper resents that crack but is standing by his Boy.

I have named the Old Lady, Chloe. Through smoke and flame I come to you!

Macaugh.

656 miles to Hilo,
8 October, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

For the sake of the record. . . .

At six this morning the skipper sent down word for me to come up to the bridge, that the Russian was closing up. The word filtered through the crew and when I got topside it was an all-hands formation. The skipper held his speed at twelve knots and by seven o'clock the Number Two Worry-of-the-Week was only a thousand yards astern, well out on our port quarter. No orders were given to the crew but they stood about looking pretty fit and expecting trouble as a welcome relief.

We made her out as the *Fonra* out of Leningrad. At seven o'clock she began to work her light in straight Morse, in English. That confused Kinneally so much that he muffed the opening and asked for a repeat. She was in trouble, taking water through the plates on her port side. She needed help and would like to send her skipper aboard.

Captain Keaton was standing by Kinneally as he spoke the message and wrote it down. The only sign of caution he manifested was to tear the message off the pad, crumple it and throw it over the bridge rail to the deck below, well knowing that the crew would salvage and read it. He stopped the engines and told Kinneally to run up an Affirmative. When the two ships were lying to, the Russian lowered a boat.

Aboard the *Compradore* comes the Head Comrade, Captain Bierzenov, and his Second Officer who speaks good English. They were both mighty friendly and came bearing gifts. A case of vodka, Russian wines and a keg of caviar. Keaton bowed them into his cabin

where I, ever the intrepid ferret, also went. Captain Bierzenov did the bowing and smiling, and his Second Officer did the talking. It seems that a week ago, in a bad roll, they opened a seam about five feet below the port waterline, about amidship. The next day they fortunately sighted us and the skipper gave standing orders to keep us in sight because the crack was reaching fore and aft and the pumps were working most of the time. Now he is satisfied that if he could obtain the services of a welder he could list the ship enough by shifting his fuel to the starboard tanks to get the crack above the waterline. As if we hadn't enough to worry about, he is heavily loaded with cordite, a floating powder keg.

Keaton was so punch-drunk with his own troubles, or so relieved that the Russian wasn't in cahoots with the Old Lady, that he said he could fix. Jig Saw was the boy. No hem-stitcher ever did a prettier job than Jig Saw with his torch.

I got Keaton outside and proposed something he thought was nuts. I told him that I'd like to go aboard the Russian as Jig Saw's helper. He put his X-ray look on me and asked me if I was balmy or drunk. That forced my hand and I had to come clean.

First of all, says I, let Jig Saw

think I am going over to see if the Russian is on the up-and-up. Make him think that the whole business looks phony. And why, says Keaton. Because Jig Saw is my man, says I. He is the much damned, long-sought firebug. The skipper went to the ropes on that one and wanted to know if I were sure. I said I wasn't. A purple storm began to blow up in his cadaverous eye sockets and I hastened to indicate my good and sufficient reasons: Jig Saw is the only one who didn't have air-tight alibis for each of the fires. He led with his chin on the first fire in the gasoline drum cage. He showed where the hasp had been sledged off—but the padlock didn't have a nick in it. And he was the custodian of the key. The second fire was in the chart house and at the time it was discovered I heard Jig Saw hammering something in his shop. However, I later discovered a contraption in said shop, rigged up to a little motor that works four little piledrivers with varying strokes. It gives a good imitation of someone working like hell. Jig Saw also has the custody of the shoulder acetylene tanks. An empty was found in the ruins of Number 4 hold after Brinesen had lost his life. And Jig Saw made a little too much stew about catching Fan Tan taking a cupful of gas out of the tap room.

With that much, the skipper let me go. Jig Saw practically gleamed at the idea of me spying the Russian. The *Compradore* is going to stand by until the job is finished.

I write this while Keaton is dining the Russians and Jig Saw is getting his gear over the side.

If I am wrong about Jig Saw you can write me at my Leningrad address.

Macaugh.

500 miles to Hawaii.
10 October, 1938.

Dear Spindler:

What have you got that makes me sit up until 2 A. M. writing you a letter?

I know exactly where I left off. I broke out my dungarees and went over the side with Jig Saw and the Russians and went aboard the *Fonra*. She is 4200 tons, flush deck, bridge amidship with three holds fore and three aft. Five of them were carrying powder, judging by the tricky ventilators through the hatch covers. All hands were nice as pie to us, which made Jig Saw just that much more suspicious. It took about an hour to shift the oil into the starboard tanks and bring the busted seam above the waterline.

We first welded a dozen angle plates on the inboard



"City desk? I was just up to see Tom Dewey."

side above and below the seam, through which the machinist fitted half a dozen husky turnbuckles. After he did his best with the tautening to bring the seam together, Jig Saw went over the side in a bosun's chair with his tank and torch. I worked with him from the inboard side facing his weld as he went along. The open seam was about twelve feet long and in about three hours he was ready to come aboard and overlap.

During all this I got better acquainted with your erstwhile gawky Chips. He's a sort of trade school mechanic-navy yard workman-radio putterer, if you know what I mean. It was ducksoup to give him leads on the fire possibilities of such a ship as the *Fonra* and it was plain to see that he had given the matter more thought than I. He explained how the cordite was stored and explained about the ventilating control shafts, the thermostats and alarm bells. He took his goggles off to explain all that and he had the glassy, excited look of a hop-head. Jig Saw had about half the overlap finished when the Second Officer came down to tell us the skipper wanted us to knock off for tea. Tea, I said. I bowed and he bowed and Jig Saw said it was a good idea. The three of us started toward the ladder arm in arm, chummy as could be.

The Russian went up first. As I

followed, Jig Saw said something about putting his goggles with his stuff. It took me about the count of ten at the top of the ladder to realize what was up. I jumped down into the hatch and rode the ladder on my hands. When I hit the deck I could see that Jig Saw hadn't wasted time. He had yanked off a ventilator panel leading into the nearby hold, and was raising the shoulder tank to toss it in. The hose was dangling with the jet open and burning. He met my dive with a neat swing of his body that put the tank into my belly and practically destroyed me and my future. Before I could get the required amount of oxygen to move a muscle he plopped the tank into the ventilator. It rolled over the angle and dropped like a plummet into the cordite. Jig Saw ran like hell for the ladder, with me a pretty poor second.

I can't quite explain why I shot him. Maybe I thought he was going to escape, but that is ridiculous. Maybe I thought of Brinesen. Or maybe it was because of the cordite and its immediate glowing potentialities. I fired once and hit him in the middle of the back.

He lived long enough to hear the first rocking explosion and to hear the roar of the fire as it started to eat the guts out of the *Fonra*. Even as he was dying, he had a look on his face as if he was driving a fire-

engine to the biggest blaze in the world. His sole contribution to the store of immortal words of dying men was, "I like to start them and then I like to fight them." It was pointless to fight this one and over the side we went, all hands, leaving Jig Saw in the middle of his own pyre. We had hardly pulled a thousand yards toward the *Compradore* when the after holds exploded and threw the *Fonra* all over the ocean. The explosion must have driven the after part of the ship down into the sea because all that appeared was the blazing remnants of the bow. That did a dip, then a dive and it was all over.

When we got aboard the *Compradore*, I had a time getting the story through Keaton's head with the Russian skipper almost insane about the piracy. Keaton then showed me your message to by-pass Hilo. Afraid, eh? Our news report today says that Mauna Koa is in eruption. There's the fire "on the shore" at Hilo. We were supposed to meet an Old Lady there today.

I'm looking forward to a long and pleasant interview with you because I've got a lot more things I want to say to you that can only be said to your face—with my hands around your throat. Unless, of course, you think that isn't necessary.

Aloha and hibiscus.

Macaugh.

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Blended Whiskey

Promoter's Paradise

(Continued from page 9)

than any other sport in the books, and now, through his bold match-making, it probably commands the most wide-spread interest.

Irish took basketball out of college gymnasias which, save for the Middle West, rarely had accommodations for more than 2500 customers, and put on shows which have made Madison Square Garden, the most spacious indoor arena in the country, inadequate on a dozen occasions. At the end of this, his sixth, season in the Garden, Irish will have drawn 1,250,000 patrons to his college double-headers. Last year he averaged 15,000 spectators a night for seventeen nights, a figure which becomes more impressive upon consideration of the fact that the Garden's capacity for basketball is slightly in excess of 18,000. In other words, Irish filled the house within fifteen percent of capacity every time he opened the doors. If the glamorous Yankees drew as well, five million people would see them play at home every year. And crowds of 100,000 would be commonplace for every football game held in Chicago's Soldier's Field. If these figures still leave you cold, ask a friend who deals with the public what it means to pull crowds consistently up to eighty-five percent of his potential roof.

Like so many revolutionary developments, big-money basketball was born of necessity and accident. Ten years ago there was no college gym or armory in New York City capable of seating more than 2000 spectators, accommodations which were hopelessly strained every time a fairly attractive game was scheduled. One and all connected with basketball wondered out loud why some smart citizen did not make himself a hatful of money by renting the Garden. While they were wondering, Mayor Jimmy Walker persuaded six New York colleges to take part in a basketball triple-header to be played for the benefit of the unemployed in Febru-

ary, 1930. The affair was such a tremendous success that four more games for charity were held the next winter and again the customers nearly demolished the joint in their zeal to occupy a pew.

Still the bright boys were lost in wishful and wistful thinking of the small fortune to be made in the promotion of basketball. Irish, who was twenty-eight at the time and working in the sports department of a New York newspaper for about three dollars a week and those fascinating free passes, was the only one who did anything about the inviting situation. One cold night in 1933 while covering a game at Manhattan College, Irish ripped the seat out of his pants in climbing through a basement window to keep his assignment. The basement was the only entry to a handbox gym which was being besieged by a crazy mob. That settled it. Irish explained the tremendous possibilities of basketball to Tim Mara, a prominent bookmaker and owner of the then struggling professional football Giants for whom Irish did publicity as a sideline to keep body and soul together.

A money man was needed to

underwrite the \$3500 rental the Garden charged for an evening and to put up the guarantee for the team Irish had in mind as the feature attraction of his first show. That team was fabulous Notre Dame, always a New York crowd-pleaser in football, playing New York University, undefeated during the 1933-34 season. Mara agreed to bank-roll the program and Irish quietly went ahead to tie up the Garden for exclusive basketball rights and also sold the New York colleges on appointing him their booking agent for Garden appearances. The first double-header under his aegis, on December 29, 1934, drew 16,000 people and the panic was on. The next day Irish resigned his newspaper job. He now clears about \$35,000, give or take a few thousand, for three months of promotional work every winter.

The double-header idea has been copied in various parts of the country and, although none of the imitators have the advantages of Irish's peculiarly fine set-up in New York, they are doing all right. Shows have been sponsored in Philadelphia and Hershey, Pa. (Irish's promotions) and by others in Chicago, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Milwaukee and White Plains, N. Y.

It is not the purpose of your correspondent to belittle Irish's astonishing success, but basketball is the promoter's paradise. Coming between the football and baseball seasons when there are no other major activities to collect the loose dollars of the sports fan, basketball is timed perfectly to pick up the slack. Overhead, despite rentals which seem high at first blush, is almost negligible; there is no dependency upon the variable weather, and expenses for teams from far-off places can be managed nicely since ten players comprise a well-manned squad. The most important factor, though, for making the customers so many push-overs is the nature of basketball itself.



"Hello, dear. The strangest thing happened while I was passing the little church on the corner."

There isn't a game extant which can match basketball for continuity of furious action, skyrocketing scores and sustained thrills. A good, but not extraordinary case in point was the meeting on December 16th between Oregon, N.C.A.A. champion last year, and Long Island University, unbeaten in thirty-nine straight games and winner of the national invitation tournament in 1939, a match which made the Garden the Rose Bowl of basketball. In the second minute of the second half Oregon was leading, 39-25. Nine minutes later L. I. U. was ahead, 43-42, and the arena resembled nothing more than a huge indoor psychopathic ward. Oregon rallied, vaulted into a 49-43 lead. Back came Long Island and the customers teetered on the lunatic fringe. With ten seconds to go, L. I. U. tied the score at a very appropriate 50-50. With exactly one second to go, L. I. U. was awarded a foul shot which would have won the game. It missed and the belligerents went into a five-minute overtime period. Seismographs all over the country reported a violent disturbance. With twenty-three seconds to go and Oregon leading by 55-54, L. I. U. scored the decisive goal to win, 56-55. There wasn't a dry eye or an oiled throat in the house when the gladiators staggered off the court. A mob of 17,852 wandered in the night making feeble passes in the air. A total of 111 points had been scored and one

team traveled 3500 miles to lose by one measly point.

That's the sort of thing basketball presents regularly. A good team can pop up any time, anywhere, since only five good men are required for a championship outfit and national ranking is not confined to the large universities which dominate football. Last season any comprehensive appraisal of the first ten teams in the country had to include Long Island, Loyola of Chicago, Bradley Tech, St. John's of Brooklyn and Roanoke. In football, those schools wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance against a major team. In basketball, they beat the ears off universities with enrollments ten times greater.

The element of the unpredictable is basketball's chief charm—but some of the accompanying charms are not so lovely to contemplate. The abuses which have made football the clay pigeon for every blue-nosed crusader in the broad land already are manifest in basketball.

As long as there was little publicity and less money accruing from basketball, the college devoted scant attention to it. In the dark ages, a guarantee of \$200 was a lot of money for a game away from home and the results were reported down at the bottom of the sport pages, when there was room for same. Irish changed the attitude of the colleges and the papers by proving there was enormous public acceptance of basketball. A team now can go into

Madison Square Garden and leave it with a piece of the gate amounting to \$2500, and on the return trip home it can pick up as much again by playing several more engagements. Football can be played only once a week, but basketball teams can—and have—played five consecutive nights. Basketball now is headline stuff in the newspapers; no matter what the old guard thinks of the hoop-la, it can't ignore crowds of 15,000 a night.

Boys are beginning to travel thousands of miles for their higher educations, attracted, no doubt, by magnificent libraries. It is sheer coincidence, of course, that many of them are very good basketball players. Talent scouts are plying their trade diligently; a diplomatic crisis was precipitated two years ago when the Stanford cheering section rose as one man and sang "Oh, Indiana" when the Southern California squad appeared on the floor. The five regulars comprising U. S. C.'s team were born and bred Hoosiers.

There is a staggering amount of money wagered on college basketball games and the turnover is interesting enough to prompt bookmakers to establish contacts with agents on distant campuses for last-minute information. Some day in the very near future a messy situation will be exposed and when that time comes, basketball will force football to move over and make room for a sport which knows how to put on a show.



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YOUR GUIDE TO  GOOD LIQUORS

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

essays packed with opinion and criticism, so that if you want to reflect on the American theatre, here's a guide. When he says of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" that it is a record "often automatically eloquent by virtue of the nature of its basic materials, rather than an inspired interpretation of the record", he puts his finger on the truth. When he analyzes Charles Morgan's capacities as a playwright he gives that gentleman (who is also a London dramatic critic) enough required reading to last him a whole winter. For arm-chair theatre-goers, far from New York, George Jean Nathan is like the mail that breaks through the snowdrifts; for New Yorkers he is a tonic and an education. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

Cheerful Slant in Novel

I'VE had such a good time reading "How Green Was My Valley", by Richard Llewellyn, that I'd like to recommend it to those who have never read a novel about family life in a small, coal-mining community in which the characters are cheerful, courageous and loyal to one another. There are so many bitter novels about coal-miners that this book becomes a remarkable exception. The story of what happens to a lad during boyhood, youth and young manhood is not highly original either, and yet it becomes a most welcome, heart-warming chronicle as Mr. Llewellyn tells it. I suspect his own sympathies are tied up with these people and that there is something of himself in little Huw Morgan, the lad who climbs out of his bedroom window at night to go adventuring, who collects birds' eggs to give to girls, who gets into trouble with the schoolmaster for fighting and yet is justified by his father for fighting to save his honor and who, eventually, forms a loyal and poetic attachment for Bronwen, the widow of his

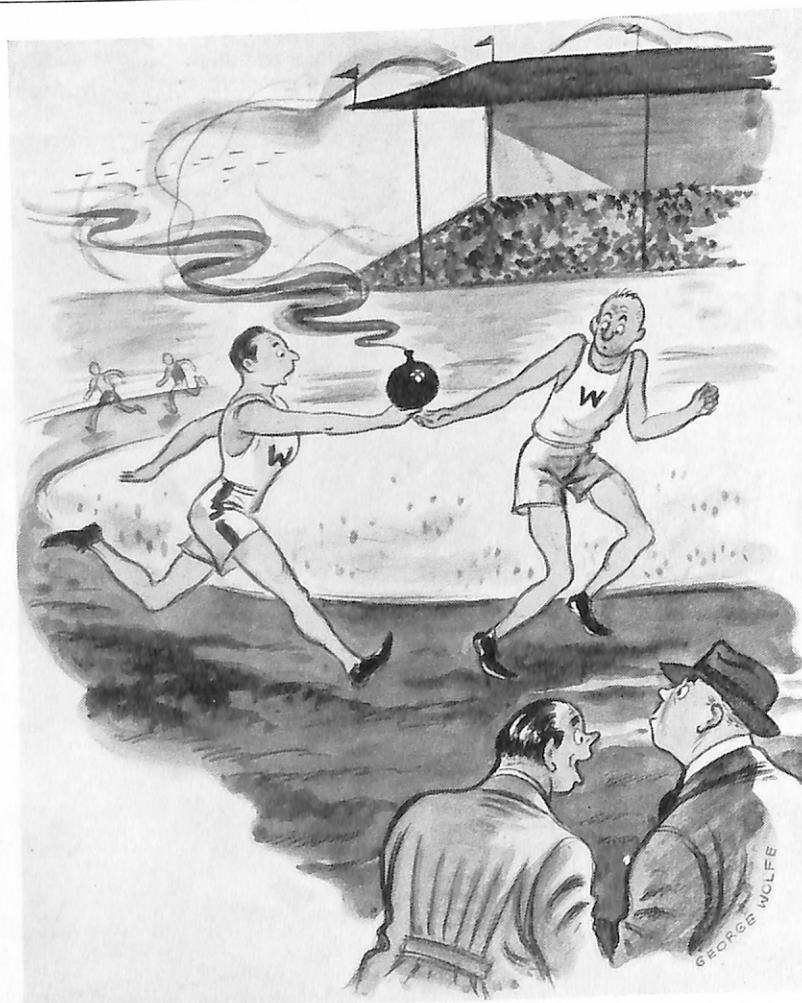
brother, Ivor. This romantic attitude has the stuff of poetry; so, too, the musical lines and the quaint use of English by the people of this Welsh town give a different ring to the page. There is tragedy in this tale, but it is scarcely as devastating to the boy as it must be to the men and women who are directly affected by it. The sense that life goes on, constantly renewing itself, comes clearly to the front and makes the major note not despair but hope born of duties fulfilled and work well done. (Macmillan, \$2.75).

Romains' Novel of Many Volumes

FOR six years American readers have been getting access in translation to a series of notable novels by Jules Romains, French author, who is trying to portray the state of mind of the French people from 1905 to the great war under the general title of "Men of Good Will". Some of the chapters were impressive, others trivial; some dealt with possessive women, neurotics, ambitious politicians, honest fellows

and avaricious creatures; even a criminal who planned his crimes was among them. M. Romains was showing how the times affected these people and how a few of them in turn tried to affect their times; most of them drifted with the tide of events. These books have had a varying reception, but students of literature have been impressed by them. The latest addition to the list, "Verdun", is likely to have a larger public than its predecessors, partly because the story of the courageous defense of Verdun is in the bones of our generation. The author, as a reflective novelist, doesn't try to improve on the newspapers by portraying the horrors of the battlefield; he is interested in what all the normal, middle-class people who make up the bulk of France think and why they behave as they do. His characters are in the front-line trenches, in the cabinet, in war business, in occupations little and big. If war is destructive why don't human beings revolt against it? Why do they yield to the "pressure of society", let them-

selves be thrown into battle, endure hardships? "What supports millions of men in the life of an endless purgatory?" Jerphanion, the hopeful man, thinks men take pleasure in destroying what man has created; their natures accept the sensual character of war, the break from an orderly routine. But "no matter how strong or how cunning the collective will may be, it could not compel and continue to compel the individual to actions that were at complete variance with his nature". Out of these pressures and opinions comes the spirit that made France endure the terrible ordeal of the war. "Verdun" will start you thinking about the stalemate on the west front today and the mass emotions of the nation. Also it may send you back to the earlier volumes of the "Men of Good Will" series, which is beginning to do



"It's an idea of mine to make them run faster."

for life in prewar France what Balzac did for life in France of the Restoration. (Knopf, \$2.50)

That Munitions-Making Dynasty

WHEN a family becomes rich and powerful and eager to perpetuate its hold on property, it becomes a dynasty. Taylor Caldwell (who is Mrs. J. M. Reback of Buffalo, N. Y.) put this word back into circulation by writing "Dynasty of Death" a year ago. Now she continues the story in "The Eagles Gather". The first book dealt with the growth of a family that became rich from the munitions industry founded by Ernest Barbour and carried forward by Jules Bouchard. Jules died with the ending of the Great War, passing the presidency of Bouchard & Sons on to Armand Bouchard, and warning him against the ambitions of his brothers, Emile and Christopher. As the munitions industry expands, with the prospects of war in Asia and Europe, the various members of the family stage a fight for control, in which avarice and love are interwoven. Celeste, the girl who has become the special concern of her brother Christopher, and Annette, the daughter of Armand, add zest to many of the pages of this long novel, which deals with business ambitions on the grand scale.

THE discussion of the munitions business is cynical and realistic and both love and patriotic motives are used by some members of this family to advance their interests. With a feeling that everything is high drama, the author makes even family councils portentous while expressions of opinion at board meetings become awesome and earth-shattering. The idea that these people are rulers of men and events and profiteers of evil fortune is implicit in the story. (Scribners, \$2.50)

The Visitor from Home

(Continued from page 17)

I am quartermaster on the *Vaterland*. We docked yesterday at Pier 50, North River. As for you, *Herr Doktor*, you are not forgotten. I had orders to find you and visit you. You can do nothing for us here, but we knew you would wish to see a countryman, and I could give you news. Father Kircher knew of this address. It was easy."

"I knew it would be someone," Paul answered gladly. "The password was correct on the papers. And now, of my friends what do you know?"

"Ach," the man stirred restlessly in his chair. That is not a pleasant question. As for you, you were tried in your absence. Everything was blamed on you, as you probably expected. It was a farce, of course. You were sentenced to die and a price was set on your head, *Herr Doktor*. It is

Queer Animals in South America

SOUTH AMERICA always has been a paradise for naturalists, ornithologists, entomologists, biologists and other specialists in scientific research. It is "the lepidopterist's Utopia"—which means that it is filled with butterflies. Quadrupeds, birds, insects of all kinds abound. Dr. Paul Russell Cutright, head of the department of biology at Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa., had the idea of bringing together information gathered by many investigators and calling it "The Great Naturalists Explore South America". (Macmillan, \$3.50) He has described what the naturalists did, from von Humboldt in 1799 to Theodore Roosevelt and William Beebe. Then he describes a vast number of animals, quoting the authorities. The giant ant bear is prodigiously powerful with its fore-paws, which carry long, scythelike claws. There is record of a 37-foot anaconda snake that had swallowed a horse. The electric eel ("a degraded form of tiger fish") not only generates electricity but can regulate the intensity of the shock, and it's possible for the shock to be fatal.

PUMAS are supposed to be afraid of men, according to Indian tradition, but recent explorers have contradicted this. The jaguar is called "el tigre" in South America, covers most of the continent and roams hundreds of miles in a few days. The condor is so ungainly that in order to fly up into the air it needs an open space or runway, like an airplane. One Andean hunter boasted that he had captured sixty-four condors in one throw of his net. The feathers are exported to France. These are samples of the interesting information gathered by naturalists and assembled in Dr. Cutright's book.

well for you, you are not where they could lay hands on you."

Paul held out his hand. "Wait," he interrupted. "You are Kurt to me, and to you I am Paul. Let us have no more *Herr Doktors*..."

Siedlinger smiled with pleasure. "You are very good."

"Tell me more of my friends. I am not surprised at the sentence upon me; that was the plan, you know. The ones who got away were to be blamed for everything."

Kurt lifted his big hands and let them fall again. "You were very simple, Paul, if you thought they would escape that way. They were... I do not like to talk about these things..."

"No, no," whispered Paul, raising his hand to his mouth. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Some are in prison, of course."

"Whut I wish for ye, mon,
When things gae far agly,
Is money in yer puck-it
An' friends standin' by."



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"My mother? What about her?"

"I cannot say. I was told to inform you she was well, but I have no personal knowledge of her. You see, I am from the north."

"Yes, of course." Paul bowed his head in his hands and rocked backward and forward in silence. The big man watched him for a moment, then he stepped forward and laid his hand with a surprising tenderness on Paul's shoulder.

"I should not have told you," he said. "I should have lied."

Paul's eyes were wet when he raised his head. "They were my friends," he said. "My good comrades. And I still live."

"Look," broke in Kurt, "this is not a man's way. You live, yes. And you will live to a better time. They died for a good cause. Surely you can live for it. And there is your mother. She still lives."

"You are right," Paul answered, slowly. "They died well."

Kurt looked down at his wrist-watch and whistled. "It's getting late," he said. "Will you come to dinner with me? We will eat and drink wine and you will feel better. I sail tonight. And perhaps the secret police will nab me as I step off the boat on the other side. It's an exciting life, Paul."

"You are very brave," Paul answered wistfully, "and I am a coward. I should be there, with you."

"You'd do neither of us much good," replied the man, smiling. "At least, I'm yet to be found out. But you . . . you'd better stay here, my friend, for both our sakes. Will you come to dinner?"

"I—my salary is not . . ."

Kurt threw a friendly arm about Paul's shoulders. "It's my party. No arguments, please."

"We have met, somewhere," Paul told him as he struggled into a clean shirt. "I thought so when I first saw you on the stairs. Only I can't remember. Do you remember me?"

Kurt shook his head slowly. "I heard of you at the conferences, of course, but I never met you. I'm sure of it. You see, I was from the north." Paul nodded. "Have you an appetite, Paul? There must be no fasting for politeness. You must eat everything you

want. And drink, too. Like old times."

There was a good, moderate-priced restaurant only a few blocks west of Second Avenue. They sat toward the back of the long, narrow room and food was put before them and wine was opened. Much food and much wine. When they got up to go it was almost nine o'clock. A thin drizzle had begun, and when Kurt suggested a round of the bars until sailing time, Paul's objections were half-hearted. He did insist that they return to his boarding-house first so he could get his heavy coat, and Kurt accompanied him.

MRS. HAWKINS slid out to meet him as Paul fumbled at the door. She had a heavy sweater pinned up close about her neck with a large safety pin and she coughed in the draft.

"He was back, Mr. Schaffer," she began. "He was sorry you was out."

Paul stared owlishly at her. Unused to wine as he had become, he tried to pierce back through the genial mist in which his mind was working.

"No," he said. "Here he is."

The landlady threw a quick glance at Kurt. "Not him," she said. "The other one. The one Francie saw this afternoon."

Had there been another man? Yes, that was right. Two notes, and he had meant to speak to Kurt about it. A horrible fear seized him; a sen-

sation of panic stole through him.

"He was awful anxious to see you," the woman went on. "He was thin and nervous-like. I watched him . . ."

"Did he say anything?" Paul managed to say through dry lips. "What did you tell him?"

"He wanted to know where you'd gone and I told him you went out. 'Who with?' he said. He had an accent like yours, Mr. Schaffer. I said you went out with a man who looked like a seafaring man. I said . . ."

Kurt broke in with a sharp exclamation of anger.

"Kurt," said Paul, "there was another note. . . ."

"This is bad, bad," exclaimed Kurt. "Someone must know. It can be no friend. I was the only one sent to you. The enemy must know the password. You would make a fine prize, Paul, if some damned spy could deliver you back to the Nazis." He frowned and laid his hand on Paul's arm. "Get your coat," he said. "You have nothing to fear, but now I must begin to worry."

Paul returned with the coat and as they walked together up the street he said, "I'm sorry. I should have told you."

Kurt shrugged his shoulders. "They are everywhere," he replied, "and it would be worth an agent's while if he could bring you back for them to make an example of. Thank God he didn't see us together. The woman telling him of a seafaring

man . . . that is bad for me." He smiled suddenly, looking at Paul's woebegone face. "Cheer up," he ordered. "We need something to drink, you and I."

They walked west, beyond Broadway.

It was hot in the bar. Paul drank brandy; the hot glow of the liquor warmed him and the sensation of apprehension for Kurt and for himself passed. Kurt could take care of himself, no doubt, and as for him—this was America. He took another brandy at Kurt's urging. The room was brightly lighted and the walls were frescoed with graceful figures, dancing in silver across a salmon-colored background. He felt a trifle unsteady, but there was nothing to worry over. If only the bar weren't quite so



"I really can't afford the game, but I hate to give it up."

noisy! Because he had something very important to ask Kurt; something he couldn't shout; something that had lain unspoken for many a month, closest to his heart. He had to know about Elsa. Hearsay, rumor, guess, anything. He hungered for news of Elsa with an almost physical sense of pain.

"Tell me," he began carelessly, his fingers playing with the stem of his glass. "You may perhaps have heard of a family named Von Arzt?" He looked up to find Kurt regarding him steadily, a curious, unfathomable expression in his eyes.

"Why do you ask?"

"There were two of them," Paul continued slowly. "They were orphans, brother and sister, and they lived in our town. I grew up with them. They were named Manfred and Elsa. He was my dear friend and we worked together for the cause. I heard in Amsterdam that he had escaped. But she . . . of her I heard nothing. Nothing. I must know about Elsa, Kurt. That is the worst thing of all. Worse even than exile and my mother's trouble. If you knew something. . ."

He looked over pleadingly, but his face fell with disappointment. How could Kurt know? Kurt was from the north; he had never heard of the family. Paul reached out blindly and took up the new glass the waiter had set down before him.

"Von Arzt," said Kurt's voice, musing. "Von Arzt. Describe him to me, Paul."

"Slim," Paul hurried through the description hopefully, "but quite wiry and strong. About my height. Hair a light blonde; dark eyes with heavy brows. . ."

"That might stand for a thousand men," Kurt interrupted. "Was there nothing particular about him?"

"He had a deep scar beside his left eye."

"Ah!" Kurt smiled and nodded. "That is enough."

Paul leaned forward eagerly. His head spun with the brandy and Kurt's voice seemed curiously muffled.

"I must apologize to you, Paul," he said rapidly. "I wasn't quite sure you were still one of us, but now I am sure. I could take no chances. Manfred Von Arzt is aboard the *Vaterland*. He is alive, Paul. Do you understand? He is a sailor aboard ship. When they told you he had escaped, they lied. He took another name and he is working for us now. But he was rash, like all you southerners, and they have begun to suspect him. If you will come with me, I will bring you to him and I have a plan to smuggle him ashore, but I'll need your help. Are you willing?"

The dancing figures on the wall seemed to reel and revel about as Paul listened. His friend was close, so close! And needing him, needing his aid! There would be word of Elsa! Tears rolled down his cheeks and his fingers fumbled with the table-cloth. The chatter and laughter

in the bar rose to shrill crescendo, to screaming. Paul stood up unsteadily.

"I will do anything you say," he said. "We must go to him . . . tonight . . . before you sail. . ."

Kurt ran the back of his hand across his mouth several times as he sat in thought, and Paul watched him, agonized. At last he seemed to have made up his mind. He looked at his watch.

"Very good," he said. "But we must hurry. You die sometime, so what difference when? Waiter! Waiter!" He threw down a bill on the table and began to help Paul into his overcoat. "You must ask no questions," he whispered into Paul's ear. "Do exactly as I tell you. One false step and we're done for. Remember that."

The streets were wet and cold and rain fell intermittently. Laden cabs sped by them, disregarding Kurt's signal.

"No matter," he said. "Let's walk. It's only a few blocks to the pier. We'll walk fast."

Cars were driving up and away from the entrance to the pier. There were lights on the pier, glaring lights, lights strung like graceful, jeweled chains along the elevated highway overhead. They seemed to explode in Paul's eyes. There were faces, a mist of faces, a policeman with wide-opened mouth, a woman asking questions, a man crying nasally, "Cab, sir? Cab?" And another figure, sudden in the crowd, a figure he should know, watching him as he followed Kurt on to the moving stairway that led up to the floor of the pier. A face that shouted unintelligibly after him.

Paul followed his guide down the long, echoing stretch of the pier like a man dreaming. Trucks went by laden with baggage, with boxes. A man, mounted behind a tall desk, like a barker at a fair, was calling out, "Radio . . . radiograms. . ." Unreal. The place hummed with talk like a gigantic hive. Paul smelled the sea. A young girl went running past them toward the telephones at the land side; she was fumbling in her purse as she ran. Crowds thronged about the little wickets erected at the gangways. First Class . . . Second Class . . . Kurt shouldered through to the gangway farthest forward. "Flowers," a man was shouting to someone invisible on an upper deck. "Yes. Flow . . . ers!"

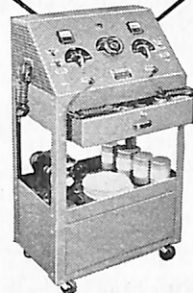
A trim sailor barred their way with an outstretched arm. Kurt showed him something in his cupped hand and he stepped back and saluted. Kurt motioned Paul to precede him and Paul clambered up the gangway until he had almost reached the hatch. He became aware that Kurt was not following him and he turned to look.

Two men were struggling at the foot of the gangway, the sailor and a newcomer in shabby clothes, a slim, lithe man, fighting desperately.

"Go on in," cried Kurt. "I'll follow. Quick!"

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Paul watched the fighters curiously, almost as if he were a spectator and they characters in a moving picture, as if they had no real existence.

"Go in!" shouted Kurt, "Go in!" Kurt was standing, blocking the gangway midway down, his eyes intent on the struggle. The sailor had thrown his assailant to the ground, but the man sprang up, quick as a cat, and returned the attack. Policemen came running toward the scene, and, as the man turned to face them, Paul saw his face for the first time. It was Manfred's face, and Paul remembered that he had seen it, without conscious belief, as he had entered the pier with Kurt. He cried out and Manfred looked up at him.

"The note," he called.

"The note."

"Kurt," shouted Paul.

"Kurt, it's he!"

Kurt stared up at him, his face unwitting and angry. He didn't recognize Manfred!

Memory cut like a blinding light through the clouds of Paul's mind. It had been like this, from a height, from above! From a balcony! Yes, and a man had stared up in just that way. Only the man had grown older. Older in the years that had passed, and changed. He had worn a brown shirt then and Paul had laughed at him. Only Elsa had been afraid. Afraid! Paul looked down at Kurt with horror. It spread over his face like a disfiguring mask and Kurt recognized it for what it was. His expression changed suddenly and he leaped forward. His foot caught in a strut on the gangway and he tripped, groping for support in the thin air. Paul shouted incoherently and tried to run. His legs seemed leaden and useless.

The interior of the forecabin was dark as Paul rushed through it. He could hear the pounding of feet behind him and he dared not stop for breath. A steel ladder ran up before him and he scrambled up it, emerging through a heavy door into the cold, night air. The noise of the crowds on the pier seemed disembodied and vague. He retched and his heart pounded dangerously but he dared not stop. He was in full view of anyone who might look that way and there couldn't be much time before the *Vaterland* sailed. He clambered down to the well deck and raced across it as Kurt appeared atop the forecabin.

They were all his enemies, thought Paul wildly, the officers, the crew, he dared ask none of them for help, for directions. He must chance finding one of the gangways ashore. As he mounted another ladder his foot slipped and he hung on with the last bit of strength in his arms, his legs

kicking and thrashing in the air. As he got to the top, his slower antagonist was always at the foot of the ladder.

Paul pushed through a heavy door on to the salon deck. He was in a deserted writing-room, beautifully carpeted and furnished. Through this, at a run, he found himself caught in a crowd that seethed good-naturedly about the double flight of stairs that led up and down. He stood, desperate, looking to right and left. "B Deck—Cabins 964 to 1018. This Way," a sign read. Perhaps if he went that way. . . .

An icy panic seized him. He could not see the spy anywhere in the crowd, but that meant nothing. He



"Hello! We managed to come after all!"

had probably waited to give the general alarm aboard the ship.

"Goodbye, goodbye," said a voice almost in his ear. "I'm going ashore." Paul wheeled about to follow, but an elderly man had pushed in between him and the owner of the voice. Paul could not locate the man who had spoken. And still the crowds poured aimlessly up and down.

He could move neither backward nor forward. He was pressed against the wall. A uniformed man came through the crowd, looking to either side with an air of authority. Paul kept himself from crying out. He seized the arm of a girl who stood beside him.

"So nice to see you off, Cousin Margaret," he cried in a loud tone. "A happy trip . . . a happy trip. . . ." The officer stared at him and then passed on. The girl shrank away. Looking up, Paul saw the spy. Kurt was at the head of the stair, his eyes alert and savage.

Paul thrust himself rudely through the crowd toward the cabin passage. He had to find an exit, somewhere. A woman struck at him as he shouldered past her.

Once in the passage, it was clear. Clear and quiet and unnatural. A long passage of doors, all exactly alike. He dared not run, but he strode along at a fast pace, every nerve pulsing with fear. A puffy man with grey hair was standing in the passage watching a steward arrange his luggage. "They were sent here," the man was saying. "They were sent here early. . . ." He stopped to glare at Paul as Paul squeezed past.

"Mother of God," sobbed Paul under his breath. "Help me!" He was rapidly losing strength. His stomach felt as if it would turn.

The passage took a sharp turn and then stretched straight again. Porters were straying in at the far end and Paul's heart leaped with hope. Perhaps there!

Two women and a man stepped out just in front of him, their voices were raucous with drink. The sound of loud laughter came from the cabin they had vacated.

"'Sbeautiful party," said the man. "Should go away oftener." He tittered and stared drunkenly, blinking his eyes. Paul waited, but they would not let him pass. He cast a swift look behind him down the passage, but it was empty. The man stretched his arms across the narrow way and braced himself. "Go 'nother way. Place taken," he said.

"Please, please . . ." said Paul.

The women laughed and one of them pushed Paul back. "Go 'way," she said.

The sound of a gong came faintly from the far end of the passage and a voice cried, "Ashore. All ashore, please. All visitors ashore." Paul leaped furiously forward and the man went down, his head striking the carpeted floor with a thud. One of the women clawed at Paul's face and screamed, but he did not look back. He ran blindly, desperately, after the sound of the gong. The whole fabric of the ship shuddered with the blast of the siren.

When he came to the end of the passage, there was no exit. Only a flight of steps that seemed to lead to another deck. Once again the siren went. Paul stood still, seized with a terrible weakness and trembling. He covered his face with his hands and tried to think. Something, something. . . .

He tried the cabin door next to him, filled with a sudden inspiration and hope. It gave . . . the cabin was empty. His throat was parched, but he dared not stop to drink. There

was a door at the sea side of the cabin that opened onto a private deck and he yanked it open. The night air blew in, blessedly, ruffling the curtains. He stared down at the pier, far below. Thousands of upturned faces were there, a white blur, waving hands. A hoarse cheering. Lights, lights. . . .

He heard them first, and he wheeled about to see two sailors and an officer enter the cabin, their figures dark against the brightly lighted passage.

"No one here," said the officer. He snapped on the cabin light and Kurt stepped into the cabin behind him. Paul waited, motionless, his hands braced against the deck rail. Kurt's eyes flicked a rapid glance about the empty room, then out into the semidarkness of the deck. They lit up with triumph and his mouth smiled.

"There's the man," he said in a level tone. "Get him quietly." They moved toward him, the four of them, separating slightly so as to cut off escape. Strange, thought Paul, how expressionless they were. His grip tightened on the rail. He braced his feet, set himself.

"God forgive me," he whispered. With a sudden thrust of his whole body he hurled himself overside, down toward the blur of the thousands of faces below.

HIS body woke first to white sheets and a white room, to a clean, sharp smell, to continuing pain. Then he remembered.

"Paul!"

It was Manfred. A thin, worn Manfred with greying hair, but the

smile was the same. The long, well-muscled hand that grasped his own was the same.

"How long have I been here?"

"More than a week. You were supposed to die, Paul. Now you must rest."

"We both are safe?"

"Both safe. You were very foolish, Paul. I left you the password. I wrote it out for the young girl. You should have waited for me. When they told me about the seaman, I hurried to the pier to wait and warn you; it would have been foolish to hunt for you in the city. It was God's mercy I saw you as you came in with the spy."

"But you were hurt. . . ."

"Nothing much. The sailor was strong . . . and the police wouldn't listen to me."

Paul turned his head weakly. His legs were weighted with heavy casts and his head ached fiercely.

"What a fool I am," cried Manfred suddenly, striking his hand against his forehead. "I was bringing you news. First, here I am in America, but you see that. Second, that they are coming soon from Brussels, your mother and my sister. You like that, eh?"

Paul cried out. "Coming . . . here? Elsa? And my mother?"

"In three weeks at the latest. There isn't much to offer them, of course. As for me, I have letters to some people and many prospects, but nothing, actually . . . but . . ."

"If they fail," Paul relaxed, smiling, against his pillow, "come to me. I have a good deal of influence in the dishwashing department."



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Old-Timers Attend Reunion Night At Greenwich, Conn., Lodge

Having lost many members during the depression years, and wishing to create a new interest among those who had found it necessary to sever their connection with the lodge, Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, held a "Reunion Night" last December. More than 200 attended the meeting which was preceded by a chicken dinner served by Charles V. Nelson, a member of the lodge, acting as host. Immediately after the dinner, Toastmaster Judge Frederick J. Whelan, P.E.R., opened a program of speeches and entertainment. Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge No. 1, who was present when Greenwich Lodge was instituted, and Wythe Williams, Editor of *Greenwich Time*, author, and former World War

foreign correspondent, made splendid talks. Moving pictures were shown and E.R. Richard Deyber gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Many of the old-timers attended, some of whom had never been inside the lodge home.

The official visit of D.D. John P. Gilbert, of Danbury Lodge, was another outstanding event, attracting visiting Elks from Port Chester and Mount Kisco, N. Y., and Danbury, Milford, Norwalk and Stamford, Conn. One of the distinguished guests was P.E.R. Ralph E. Becker of Port Chester, D.D. for New York, East. A chicken dinner preceded this meeting also, and initiatory ceremonies were performed by the Greenwich officers. Bingo is conducted at the lodge home every Wednesday evening with an average attendance of 300. During the past

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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in *The Elks Magazine* should be in our hands not later than the first of the month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the April issue should reach us by March 1st.

year several bowling matches were played with Bronx, N. Y., Lodge. On December 9, a return bowling match between Greenwich and Mount Kisco Lodges was played on Mount Kisco alleys.

N. J. State Elks Hold Quarterly Meeting at Camden Lodge

The quarterly meeting of the N. J. State Elks Assn. on Sunday, Dec. 10, was held in the home of Camden Lodge No. 293, and attended by delegations representing 56 of the 61 lodges of the State. The session was opened with an address of welcome by Mayor George E. Brunner in which he expressed his gratification at the selection of Camden for so important and interesting a gathering. Joseph G. Buch of Trenton Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Chairman of the State Elks' Crippled Children's Committee, presented an enlightening report on the work done by New Jersey lodges in the past 11 years entailing an expenditure of \$2,650,000 for the care of crippled children. During the recent infantile paralysis epidemic his office listed a total of 247 cases, 111 of which were from South Jersey. Most of them were taken to the Betty Bacharach Home at Longport where they received convalescent care covering a period of three months or more. State Pres. William J. Jernick, of Nutley Lodge, reported a gradual increase in membership and indications of much greater activity in 1940.

The Association voted to hold its next State Convention in Atlantic City in June, and the next quarterly meeting in Ridgewood on Sunday, March 10. The local reception committee was composed of former Mayor Roy R. Stewart, E.R. William A. Davis, Secy. Albert Austerl, and P.E.R.'s William Huff, Carlton Row and Marion Moriarty. P.D.D. Howard F. Lewis of Burlington represented D.D. Robert W. Kidd who was prevented from attending on account of illness.

After the meeting the delegates and visiting members were served a hot roast beef dinner in the large auditorium. Six hundred were seated. The Camden Elks Band in uniform occupied the stage and furnished music during the dinner hour. The Ladies Auxiliary

provided entertainment for the visiting ladies.

Elks Charity Football Game At San Diego, Calif., a Success

The 10th annual charity football game, sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, between the United States Marines and the College of the Pacific, was played in Balboa Stadium, San Diego, on the night of December 7 before a crowd of 12,000. With the culmination of this game, the "Grand Old Man of Football", Amos Alonzo Stagg, coach of the Pacific College, completed a 50-year coaching career. The United States Marines team completed an unbeaten, untied season.

The highlight of the show between the halves was the formation of the clock striking the hour of eleven by the Bonham Brothers' Boys Band. Each of the 400 musicians had a small purple and white flashlight clipped to his cap and in complete darkness they formed the clock and the hour hand struck each hour until eleven was reached. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by D.D. L. P. Bonnat of California, South.

Other organizations participating in the pre-game ceremonies and the half-time show were the United States Marine Band, the drill teams from the Hoover and San Diego High Schools, in red and white uniforms respectively, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, and the Elks' Patrol. Numerous formations, including "Hello Elks", "Alonzo", "Stella", and "Stagg", were

made by the uniformed groups, and the Elks Quartet sang "If I Had My Way" in honor of Coach Stagg.

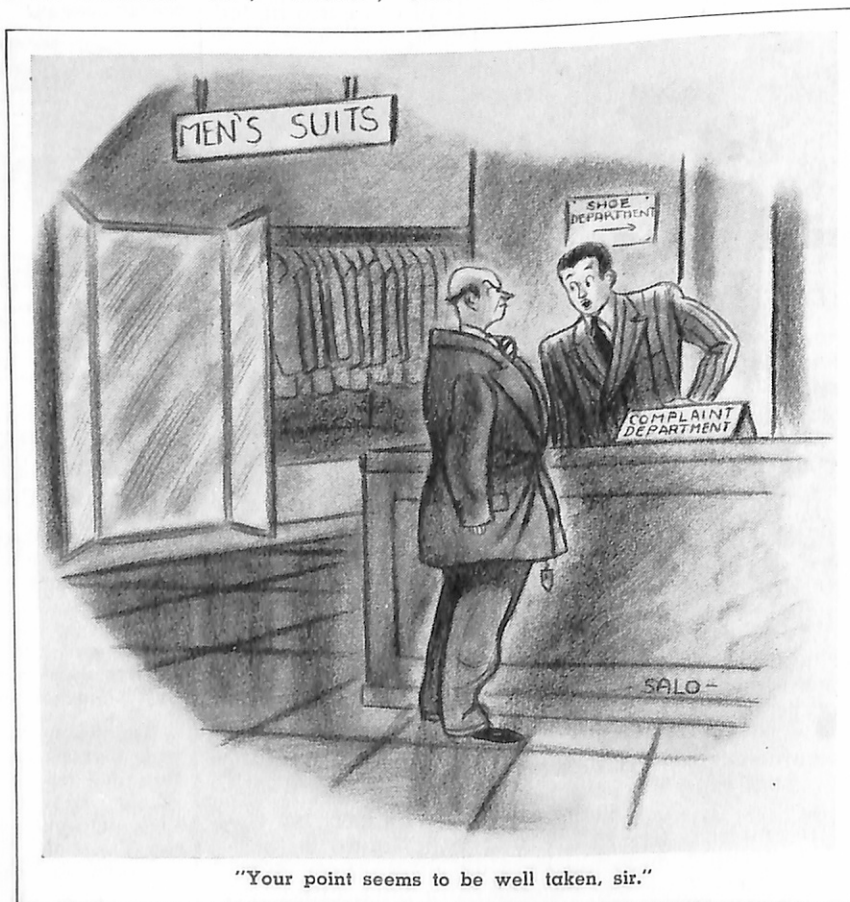
San Diego Lodge raises money for Christmas charities by sponsoring an annual charity game, and this year's event brought out the largest crowd that has yet attended. William Brunson, Chairman of the 10th Annual Charity Football Committee, received State-wide recognition as a result of the event.

Special Events Featured by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

An unusually busy autumn season has been reported by E.R. Harold D. Coles of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906. Immediately after the close of the record-breaking 1939 State Convention at Santa Monica, a series of important meetings and events was begun. Officers of the lodge exemplified the Elks Ritual in the dedications, within a short time of each other, of two public buildings—Santa Monica's new city hall and a new Federal building and post office in nearby Venice. Of unusual interest was "Charles Evans Night". The guest of honor, a former member of the famous "Evans and Hoey" combination and remembered for his success in "A Parlor Match", is still active and alert, and is engaged in motion picture work. He joined the Order on November 16, 1884, and for many years was prominent in the affairs of New York Lodge No. 1. The 55th anniversary of his affiliation was celebrated by a large crowd of "Nine-O-Sixers" and old-time footlight favorites who reside in the vicinity.

Members of patriotic organizations and prospective members were guests of the lodge at its Armistice Day observance. Judge Arthur Guerin, of the Los Angeles municipal courts, was the speaker. Judge Marshall F. McComb, P.E.R. of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, and Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, was the speaker at the annual Memorial Services. The new glee club of Santa Monica Lodge sang several numbers. Other special events were "Sports Night" and "Stray Elks Night". December 3 was featured by the first official visit of Ray C. Crowell, D.D. for Calif. South Cent., in whose honor a class of candidates was initiated.

Hundreds of unfortunate families of the various com-



"Your point seems to be well taken, sir."

munities within the lodge's jurisdiction were furnished with baskets containing everything for their holiday dinners and staples for numerous other meals. The distribution was financed by two Elks' ladies card parties, each attended by more than 250 couples, and the Elks' 24th annual Christmas stage show in which a galaxy of screen, stage and radio stars appeared.

Christmas Holidays Bring Cheer To Elks National Home

Profusely decorated with southern smilax, holly and poinsettias, the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., presented a beautiful appearance on Christmas morning. Outside plants and trees were covered with sparkling snow. The large Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted and trimmed, stood in the main lobby of the administration building. After breakfast the residents of the Home gathered about the tree and were presented by Superintendent Robert A. Scott with substantial presents sent to the Home by lodges throughout the country and from far-away Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines.

After they had enjoyed the best of turkey dinners, served in the evening, the residents assembled in the Fred Harper Memorial Auditorium on the home grounds, for the showing of a moving picture.

As the result of special efforts put forth by Mr. Scott and his assistants, the entire holiday season was entertaining and full of Christmas spirit. The various buildings were brightly lighted at night and the shrubbery was illuminated with lights of many colors, presenting a beautiful picture. Several social affairs were held during the week.

Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, took formal possession of its new home on December 9 when D.D. Lawrence T. Brazer, of Palo Alto Lodge, as the concluding act of an impressive dedication ceremony, presented the key to the entrance of the beautiful building to Trustee Frank W. Shields. An elaborate barbecue dinner was served from seven to eight-thirty.

The dedication was in charge of Mr. Brazer, assisted by Past State Pres.'s George M. Smith, San Jose, and F. E. Dayton, Salinas; State Vice-Pres. Ray Ingels, Monterey, and P.E.R.'s Ray Macaulay, Santa Cruz, Thomas P. Weldon, Santa Maria, and D. W. McLellan, Palo Alto. Approximately 200 members of the Order and some 50 applicants for membership witnessed the ceremony. Mr. Dayton was the orator of the occasion. Among other speakers were Mayor Marion B. Rice who offered the congratulations of the city, and Supervisor Chairman C. L. Preisker who spoke for the county. Musical selections essential to the dedication

ceremony were rendered by Frank L. Barron, pianist, and Sydney Peck, violinist.

The lodge received some beautiful gifts for its new home. On behalf of the Calif. State Elks Association, Vice-Pres. Ingels made the presentation of a silk American flag mounted upon a silver-trimmed mahogany standard for use at the Exalted Ruler's station, and E.R. C. T. Hughes acted for San Luis Obispo Lodge in presenting a large American flag for the outdoor flagstaff. A gavel, of Santa Cruz redwood, was the gift of Santa Cruz Lodge, made through E.R. Roy N. Dreiman. Congratulations and best wishes were wired by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and numerous leading Elks of California, and also delivered in person by representatives of lodges in all of the State districts. P.E.R. Walter G. Meyer officiated as Dedication Chairman.

Widely Known Elk of Brockton, Mass., M. J. Kelliher, Dies

P.E.R. Michael J. Kelliher of Brockton, Mass., Lodge, No. 164, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, passed away on last Thanksgiving Eve. Mr. Kelliher was widely known throughout New England, particularly in manufacturing and fraternal circles. He was a former Director of Public Works. Although a Republican leader in the Bay State, he enjoyed a close friendship of long standing with Postmaster General James A. Farley, P.E.R. of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge.

Mr. Kelliher was Exalted Ruler of Brockton Lodge for many years. He is survived by his widow and a married daughter. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church. The list of Honorary Pall Bearers was as follows: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert, Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Judge James E. McDonald and Arthur V. Dearden, P.E.R.'s of New York Lodge No. 1; Mayor Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; the Hon. Leverett Saltenstall, Governor of Massachusetts, and former Gov. James M. Curley; P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, Conn., and Mr. Farley.

Adams, Mass., Lodge Honors High School Football Champions

Members of the Adams High School championship football team were guests of honor at a testimonial banquet given on December 6 by Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335. Fifty-three members of the football squad were present, together with fathers of some of the boys, members of the school faculty, school committee members, Elks and other local rooters for the team, about one



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"SWELL ENTERTAINMENT"

That's what the Exalted Ruler of one Elks Lodge says of the sound motion picture, "UNDER THE ANTLERS". This is the picture of the 1939 Grand Lodge Convention made last July at St. Louis by Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

It is available for showing in all Elk Lodges and if you want to see it, ask your Secretary if a reservation date has been selected. The Elks Magazine will complete the arrangements for a showing of the film in your Lodge if you'll ask for it. Merely address us at 50 East 42 St., New York City.

hundred and fifty in all.

The post-prandial program was opened by W. Elwin Dunn, Chairman of the Elks' Committee, who referred to the Adams High School championship teams of 1907, 1911, 1916, 1922, 1933, 1938 and 1939, and pointed out that the last three were under the direction of Coach Arthur S. Fox. During the festivities Mr. Fox was presented with a gift by his players as a token of their esteem. The welcoming speech was made by E.R. Charles F. Reid. James N. Young, one of the coaches of the 1911 team, acted as Toastmaster. An added feature at the banquet was the presence of Coach John Del Negro of the Drury football team of North Adams, the two co-captains of the next year's team, and the captain of the 1939 Drury Eleven. Superintendent of Schools J. Franklin Farrell brought the greetings of the Adams school department and expressed appreciation for the constant cooperation given by Adams Lodge. He spoke of the fine things that Adams Elks have been doing for the boys and girls of the community for many years. The sportsmanship and the cooperative spirit of the Adams Eleven were stressed in remarks made by numerous speakers. It was an enjoyable evening from start to finish. The affair was held in the lodge home.

News of Recent Activities Of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, initiated 10 new members in honor of D.D. John H. Weaver of Brazil Lodge on the evening of his official visit. Approximately 300 Elks enjoyed the festivities.

On December 6 State Association Americanism Night was observed. Vice-Pres. Harry E. McClain of Shelbyville, who is also Chairman of the Americanization Committee of the State of Indiana, gave an address on Americanism followed by another spirited talk on the same subject by John M. Fitzgerald, P.E.R. of the local lodge.

On the following Saturday night, Terre Haute Lodge held its 7th Annual Charity Ball and Fall Festival in the City Club building. All floors were turned over to the Elks, and music was provided for dancing in the ball room and the basement grill. The Elks No. 86 Chanters sang in different parts of the building

throughout the evening. Jimmy Stewart, the singing waiter, a former member of Duke Ellington's band, entertained. The affair was very successful and was attended by about 800. The proceeds are used for charity. The annual expenditure for local charities carried on by the lodge is estimated at between four and five thousand dollars.

Elks of Kearney, Neb., Honor August Schneider of York Lodge

Kearney, Neb., Lodge, No. 984, on November 20, honored August Schneider, of York Lodge No. 1024, by initiating an August Schneider Class of 35 candidates. E.R. R. F. Hollinger and his officers officiated in the ritualistic ceremony. Mr. Schneider has been Chairman of the Nebraska Elks Association Benevolence Commission since it was created 12 years ago, and is also Chairman of the Nebraska State Crippled Children Commission. More than 2,000 crippled youngsters have been cared for by the Elks Commission.

Large delegations from other Nebraska Lodges, including Hastings Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Dr. J. P. Winroth; Grand Island, led by E.R. Harry E. Hallstead, and York, headed by E.R. Maynard Grosshans, attended. T. C. Lord of York Lodge, President of the Nebraska State Elks Association, First Vice-President F. R. Dickson of Kearney, and State Secretary H. P. Zieg, of Grand Island, delivered short addresses. Mr. Schneider expressed his thanks not only for the tribute paid him that evening, but for the fine cooperation given by the Elks of the State in the work for crippled children.

Henry M. Bradley, Prominent Derby, Conn., Elk, Is Dead

Former State Senator Henry M. Bradley, Jr., P.E.R. of Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, and for the past nine years Chaplain of the Conn. State Elks Assn., died on November 28 after a long illness. He was 57 years of age. Mr. Bradley was a prominent member of the P.E.R.'s Association of Connecticut, and was actively interested in both the national and State Elks Scholarship Funds. During his long membership in Derby Lodge he was Chairman of the Community Welfare Committee, and a member of the Advisory Board and numerous special committees. For many years he was in great demand as a speaker at Memorial Sunday and Flag Day exercises conducted by lodges in the State.

Elected at the age of 21 to the Derby Board of Education, Mr. Bradley served as a member continuously until the time of his death. His knowledge of State history led to his appointment as Lecturer on Connecticut Colonial history at the Teachers College of Connecticut summer school at Yale in 1935.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Is Host To Zane-Irwin Post

Immediately after its meeting on November 10, the officers and members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, were hosts to the officers and members of Zane-Irwin Post, No. 93 of the American Legion. The Post's military band of 60 pieces played many patriotic numbers. The Legion put on a spectacular and thrilling tableau—"Futility of War". Past Commander George L. Lang, a member of San Francisco Lodge of Elks, was the orator of the evening. The subject of his inspiring talk was "Hold That Line, America". More than 600 Elks and Legionnaires attended.

The evening was a huge success and all present rededicated themselves to America and American principles. Arrangements for the Armistice Night program were made by John P. O'Brien, Chairman of the Americanism Committee, assisted by Urban F. Stewart, acting as Secretary. Both are members of No. 3. Plans were made by E.R. Byron H. Hurd for a visit to be made by the Elks to the Zane-Irwin Post immediately after the first of the year for another patriotic celebration.



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Your DOG



Doris Day from Atlas Photos

by Edward Faust

A. K. C.

ASIDE from questions relating to the care of their dogs, which is, of course, the first consideration of your dog page, among the next most often asked by our readers is: "What is the American Kennel Club?"

Now, it would be almost impossible to write about dogs—pure-bred dogs—without at some time or other referring to that organization, and it is no doubt due to such mention from time to time on this page that the question so often appears in our mail.

We'll begin by going back a bit:

A little more than fifty years ago the pedigree of a dog bred in this country was merely a matter of someone's say-so and even in those

decorous days, the wicked, whose word was something less than trustworthy, were known to exist. But fortunately in the interests of the pure-bred and for what was later to become a major sport—the showing of dogs—and moreover, an enterprise involving millions of dollars, there were breeders conscientiously concerned with keeping Fido's family tree authentic. These banding together in small groups became our first dog clubs, which in places local to them did much to enhance the prestige of the pure-bred and maintain the keeping of honest pedigrees. But no one club exercised national control and among fanciers there grew a demand for a strong, central government that would function impartially in making rules for dog shows and kindred matters, and enjoying such standing that its official approval of pedigrees would be universally accepted.

This led to the formation of the American Kennel Club in 1884.

Beginning with an entry of some 70 dogs, that organization or A. K. C. as it is known among fanciers and as it will be hereafter referred to, at this time has more than 1,250,000 dogs registered in its stud book, representing a span of 30 generations. Measured in terms of the human generation of 20 years, this then would be a gigantic family tree going back about 600 years. Of these dogs, there are approximately 700,000 living and of these perhaps 90,000 to 100,000 are active show campaigners. Every year from 70,000 to 80,000 names are added to this book.

In the past the right of the A. K. C. to enforce its rules has not always gone unchallenged. But then, what enterprise does not number among its participants some few who are wholly in accord with the rules—for the other fellow? On the whole, so wisely has the A. K. C. governed that time and again its power has been upheld by State and Federal court decisions so that today it is the supreme authority in this country for pure-bred dogs, and its stud book is considered the Nation's Peerage for them. Its registrations are recognized by the United States Government itself and have won world-wide acceptance wherever blue-blooded canines flourish.

SO much for history; now, let's see what the A. K. C. is—and what it does.

To begin with, it is not a company or a corporation privately owned and no individual can join it. It is composed of 237 member-clubs voluntarily associated to promote the interests of pure-bred dogs. Roughly, its structure may be likened to that of a baseball league of clubs that have agreed to set up a headquarters organization with rule-making and disciplinary powers governing club practices and the sport itself. It is interesting to note that these A. K. C. member-clubs are drawn from all parts of the United States and certain of its possessions with the majority, as might be expected, originating in those states of greatest population.

Each member-club appoints one delegate who has the right to vote on all A. K. C. legislation. Combined, these delegates and their elected officers (who govern A. K. C. itself) are the body-politic in the realm of the American pure-bred. This body makes the rules governing registration and shows; issues licenses for shows and certain individuals concerned with them, in addition to formulating the various Thou Shalt Nots that prescribe the conduct of those actively interested in the showing and breeding of our friend the pure-bred dog. Without the A. K. C. the affairs of that aristocrat would revert to confusion. It also issues licenses to reputable kennels that wish to reserve the right to use

an exclusive kennel name, examples of which are such kennels as Halcyon, Blakeen, Warwell, etc. To the uninitiated this may seem a minor privilege, but to the kennels, many of which have put thousands of dollars behind such "brand names", it is one of considerable value. It confers the exclusive right to attach the kennel name to all dogs of that kennel and to use the name on entry blanks for shows and all other purposes in connection with the kennel. The name thus becomes literally a protected trade-mark. Further activities of the A. K. C. are the publishing of *The American Kennel Gazette* which contains all news about official business together with complete show reports and considerable general information about dogs. In addition to this it publishes a book containing the official standards of all recognized breeds.

Although the A. K. C. does not hold shows, as the parent body it lends much encouragement to its member-club shows by offering various special prizes in the way of cash and trophies, among the latter being one given for the best American-bred dog of the year, which for 1938—the 1939 award has not yet been made—was won by the Blakeen Kennels poodle, Champion Blakeen Jung Frau owned by Mrs. Sherman Hoyt of Katonah, New York.

During 1939, the A. K. C. approved 326 shows, the average exhibiting about 350 dogs, while the largest, an outdoor event at Madison, New Jersey, benched well over 4,000. Most of the shows thus approved were open to all breeds, some fewer, known as Specialty Shows, were limited to one breed. For all shows more than 82,000 dogs were exhibited. Most of these events were one-day shows and only a few extend to more than that, the limit as fixed by A. K. C. rules being four days. How many millions of people attended these exhibitions is not known, but during the one day of the above mentioned Madison show the gate receipts indicated an attendance of more than 40,000.

Now, all of these were what is known as bench shows, but other competitive exhibitions which also come under A. K. C. jurisdiction are obedience tests, field trials and match shows. The first are designed to show dogs performing certain utility tasks indicative of training or educa-

tion, as it were; in the second, the field trials, dogs are exercised in various field duties allied to hunting such as pointing, flushing or retrieving, while the match shows are usually exhibitions of puppies or young dogs and as a rule are the first showing activity of a new dog club. More often they are informal, friendly gatherings of fanciers and are largely intended to give showing experience to the dogs in preparation for the larger, formal exhibitions. Often too, they are the proving ground for novice judges. Incidentally, they provide the only exception to the rule barring from judging those who make their daily B. & B. with dogs, as at these events the professional handler is permitted to officiate. Another distinguishing feature is that no championship points are awarded at this type of informal show.

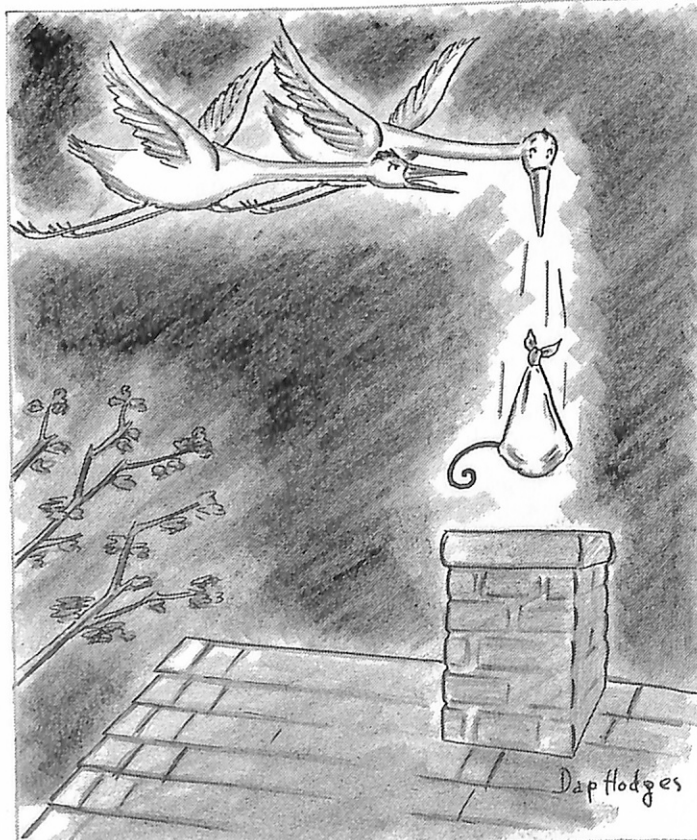
THE A. K. C. also licenses all judges who officiate at shows which have its approval and there are about 1,000 such men and women holding these warrants, most of them being limited to passing on one breed only. To a lesser number is granted the right to judge several breeds or perhaps all breeds of a group (Working Dogs, Terrier Group, etc.) while to only some 60 or so gifted individuals has A. K. C. granted the privilege to pass on all breeds (and when you consider that

there are 108 recognized varieties of *canis familiaris* this means sumpin', as the saying goes). Who may judge? That's best answered by telling who may not. No one can be licensed if he or she or any member of their immediate family traffics in dogs or is in any way commercially concerned in them. Once this hurdle is passed, the aspirant must furnish proof of sufficient experience with a breed or breeds and then obtain the endorsement of two likewise experienced persons in good standing with the A. K. C.

INCIDENTALLY there is a neat little rule which says that no dog can be shown under any judge who within a year of that showing, boarded, trained, leased or handled the dog, and to make certain that self-interest will play no part in judicial decisions the embargo goes double by including the judge's immediate family.

The A. K. C. also gives or withholds recognition to the various breeds of dogs and only grants the former after being satisfied that the breed has been in existence, breeding true to type, long enough to have become established, in addition to fulfilling such requirements as necessity or desirability for such a breed. At present it recognizes 108 breeds among the most popular of which, from the standpoint of registrations (and pretty much according to public preference) is the cocker spaniel, the outstanding leader, registering more than 15,000 during the past year, with the Scottish terrier, fox terrier, dachshund, Boston terrier and beagle among the first six breeds in the order named.

When such recognition is conferred, the dogs of that breed are eligible for registration in the official stud book, which means that the names of the dog, its sire and dam are entered, together with those of the owner and breeder and it is given a registration number which it carries for the duration of its life. No living dogs of the same breed can bear the same name unless the second registered has the suffix II following, nor can any dog be named after a living person. No name can contain more than 25 letters, unless it is an imported dog having previous foreign registration, and any name once entered in the



"You must be slipping. That bundle was meant for the zoo!"



John Manning, of Los Angeles, with his record tuna that weighed 890 pounds, caught Sept. 23, 1939, at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia.

This time Mr. Godfrey tells some more fish stories and mentions a few new records.

by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

THE desire of sport fishermen to catch the biggest fish that swim in the oceans has been the reason for new inventions in tackle which would leave our grandfathers in a state of unbelieving amazement. Just as the tempo of modern life has been accelerated, so too there has been a flood of new equipment that is faster, better and more in tune with the times, making it now possible to catch the big ones that our forefathers said were too tough. In this

hurry-up world of ours I believe that we have taken for granted this development of better tackle, failing to appreciate the money and effort that have been spent by the manufacturers and fishermen to give the anglers of the world a better fighting chance against the fish that tip the scales at from 500 to 2,000 pounds and sometimes more.

Back in 1898 when Dr. C. F. Holder caught a 183-pound bluefin tuna off Catalina on a rod and a reel, he demonstrated that a rod weighing only sixteen ounces could catch a fish that weighed more than the man who had made the catch. In 1927 George Thomas III caught a 573-pound broadbill swordfish off Catalina on a sixteen ounce rod. In 1939 Mrs. Henry Sears caught a 730

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SABETAL DOES NOT STAIN

pound blue marlin off Cat Cay in the Bahamas with a 12/0 Fin-Nor reel, a 24-thread Ashaway line and a laminated Tycoon rod to match. There are hundreds of examples of big ones that have been taken on lightweight rod tips, small reels and light lines since that day when Dr. Holder first proved that it could be done.

When salt water fishing activity spread from Catalina Island to all parts of the world, which led to the discovery of bigger fish, new methods of fishing developed and better and bigger reels, rods, lines, hooks and boats became the vogue. Three or four decades ago the place to go for the best salt water fishing was for the tuna, marlin, broadbill and other game fish that inhabit the waters of the Pacific from Catalina to San Diego. But nowadays there are numerous Catalinas scattered around the globe where good guides are available with excellent equipment where big game fishermen can go for fish that are world record breakers.

FAMOUS FISHING PLACES

Anglers now go to Miami and Palm Beach, to Bimini, Cat Cay, West End and Walker Cay in the Bahamas, to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, to Havana and Key West, to Panama and the Galapagos, to Guaymas and Acapulco, to Tampico, Aransas Pass, St. Pete, Punta Gorda and Sarasota, to New Zealand and Australia, to Hawaii, to Chile, to Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey and the Carolinas, as well as to Catalina. Of course, there are many other famous hot spots that you may have heard about, like Montauk, Block Island, Martha's Vineyard, Oregon Inlet, Campbell River, the Ten Thousand Islands, Shark River, Panuco River, Cape San Lucas, Bermuda, Cape Breton, Miami Beach, Tahiti, Passa-Grille, Chincoteague, Wachapreague, Tocopilla, and Wedgeport, but it is sufficient to note that a great many of these have been made famous because of the big-game fishes that have been caught there with our much improved tackle while fishing from the modern, swift-moving boats we have today.

'Way back in 1912 Capt. George Farnsworth, Catalina, first came out with a new method of

fishing for tuna, trolling the bait from a kite which he flew from the stern of his boat, and his luck was so good that others soon imitated the idea, and now you see this done occasionally wherever big-game anglers fish for tuna or marlin. The advantage, of course, is that it takes the bait out of the wake directly aft of the boat, and it skips the bait along the surface of the water in a manner that is attractive to fish. The only real disadvantage to the kite is that it requires the right amount of wind, so there soon developed as a substitute the flexible outriggers, which you now see on all the good charter boats in North America, particularly where fishermen are after marlin, sailfish and other members of the spearfish family. At Catalina they first used the outrigger to skip a bait merely to attract the big fish to the surface. Later Capt. Tommy Gifford of Miami used the outriggers to skip the baited hook, the fishing line being held by means of a clothespin, the baited hook jumping along behind the boat and the other end passing to the rod held by the angler. When a fish strikes, the line pulls out of the clothespin, thus allowing the line to drop back while the captain stops the speed of the boat, and usually by the time the line has straightened out, the angler has set the hook and the battle is on.

A NOTE FROM AUSTRALIA

This business of using outriggers is old stuff to those who fish in the Atlantic and the Pacific off the coasts of the United States, Mexico, Bahamas and Cuba, but it's brand new to those big-game fishermen from Down Under, so I guess there is something new under the sun. In the

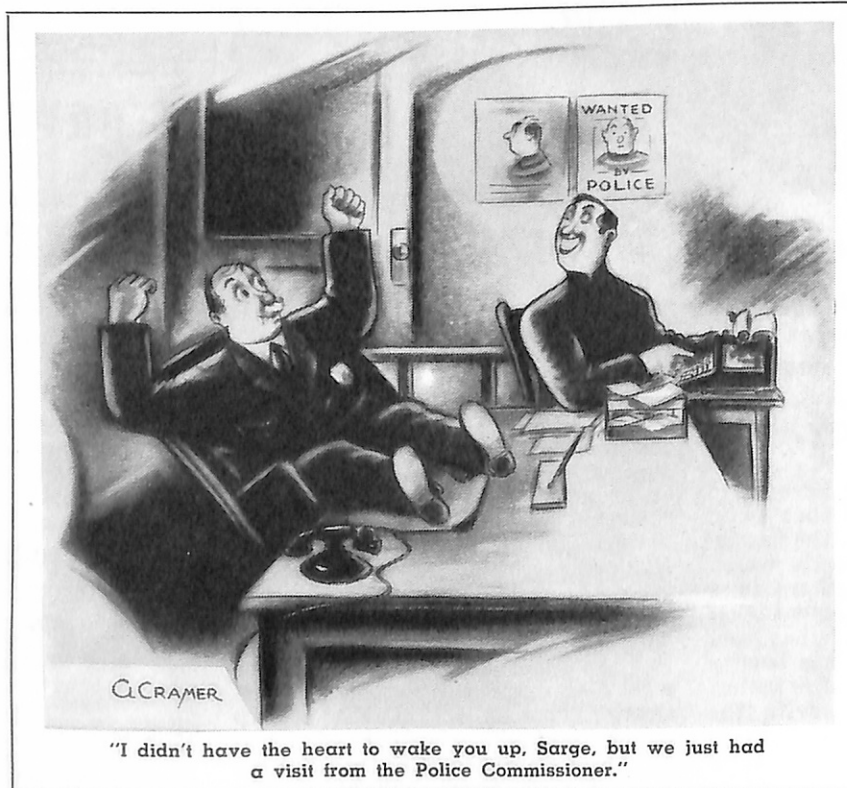
current issue of the New South Wales Rod Fishers Society's Gazette, the official publication of all those who fish in Australia, it says: "Wollongong Big Game Angler Uses Boom With Success. So much interest has been created by Michael Lerner's use of booms for presenting the bait to the elusive marlin that the news of a Wollongong angler's success on his initial use of the boom is most welcome. When well authenticated captures by American rodmen were first published, advocating the use of the boom, there was, unfortunately, a tendency on the part of Australian anglers to depreciate the news. The obvious reluctance on the part of these anglers to vary their methods of baiting and trolling resulted in empty seasons. Charlie Rogers, Wollongong big-game angler, rigged a boom for himself and allowed his fishing companion to troll in the orthodox way in the wake of the boat.

"Soon there appeared a striped marlin. The fish seemed eager to keep both baits in view and had his head and half his body exposed. After a momentary inspection of the orthodox trolled bait, he made straight for the bait on the boom. Missing on the first rush, he returned and leaped to take the jumping bait in the air. The slack line dropped to the water, and the angler had a perfect view of the bait, held in the bill of the marlin as the fish moved off with the bait. Charles gave the fish time to swallow, then shut down on the drag and drove the hook home. Up came the marlin to the surface, trying to throw the hook, leaping 16 times in all, and finally came to gaff in one hour and 15 minutes. It was his experience that the bait on the

boom attracted many more big fish, especially marlin and mako. We feel that new methods are always welcomed by the majority of the anglers and help to stimulate the sport. What a thrill there is in any sport when a new idea brings success." And that is testimony enough from our friends Down Under for the use of the flexible outriggers, which they call "booms".

A BILLION DOLLAR SPORT

And what, is the reason for all this discussion of new methods, improved equipment and places to go fishing? Here's why. Disciples of Isaak Walton generated a billion dollars worth of business in the United States dur-



Your Dog

(Continued from page 52)

stud book can never after be changed.

Bearing the ear marks of an economic phenomenon has been the steady increase of interest and investment in pure-bred dogs throughout the depression, resulting in a considerable spurt in registrations during that time. One of the happiest effects of this is that more dog buyers have become aware of the advantage that registration confers. "What," you say, "does it profit me to register my dog?" Well, here's the best answer we've read in a long while and it comes from a writer whose dog stories have endeared him to millions:

"You owe it to your dog to have it registered; to give it the hallmark which guarantees its quality. Some day you may want to raise puppies and if the father and mother are registered the puppies are much more valuable. It costs no more to feed a registered than an unregistered dog. Have it registered."

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

How to register? First, be sure that you get a properly certified application for registration when you buy your dog. You are also entitled to a 3-generation pedigree. Be sure, too, that the application shows that the litter from which the dog came has been registered, as without this you cannot register your dog. Fill out this application and send it with \$2 fee to the American Kennel Club, 221 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. In return you will receive a certificate showing that your dog's

name, after careful scrutiny of its family records, has been entered in the official stud book. This certificate shows the number allotted to the dog which it will ever after carry. The certificate is a guarantee of the authenticity of the dog's pedigree as the methods employed are such that any irregularity is quickly detected. But there'll be no element of question if you buy from a reputable kennel in good standing with the A. K. C. The majority of these have much time and money invested in their dogs and cannot afford to run counter to A. K. C. rules and practices for the simple reason that the disciplinary powers of that organization extend to withdrawal of all privileges pertaining to shows, registrations, etc., without which the kennel would suffer drastically. In addition, in those relatively few instances of flagrant violations which have occurred in the past, the A. K. C. has exerted its right to impose fines.

To you who may live miles away from a dog kennel, the question may arise "How will I know if the kennel is a good one?" Well, you may learn by hearsay, but one sure way is to consult the advertising pages of a reliable magazine devoted exclusively to dogs. Few if any of these knowingly carry unworthy kennel announcements. Or, if still in doubt, write to the American Kennel Club addressing the Kennel Service Department. Mention the breed in which you are interested and ask for a list of recommended breeders.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 54)

ing 1939, and from the looks of things on the horizon, with war in Europe and in Asia, this will be the greatest fishing year of them all. Sportsmen spent most of this vast sum on such items as fishing licenses, fishing tackle, transportation, resorts and hotels, guides, boats, clothing, photography, automobiles, gasoline, oil, tires, sleeping bags and various other essentials. The expenditure for tackle alone exceeded \$35,000,000. Here is another item . . . Maine exported 20,000,000 blood worms a month to the anglers of New York during the fishing season. One of the reasons that so many states have departments which do nothing more than send out facts and figures about the fishing places is because this brings large revenue to these states. Anglers at Freeport, L. I., N. Y., a sport fishing port, spent one million dollars on fishing this past year. But the greatest spot in the world today for fishing is Florida.

A half-million people fish in Flori-

da every year. I know of at least a hundred boats that were purchased for fishing in Florida waters last year that cost more than \$10,000 each, which is another million dollars to add to the \$100,000,000 that is spent in Florida by tourists and fishermen. More than 124,000 fishermen competed in the 1939 \$10,000 Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament, which lasts for 99 days, and the 1940 tournament will probably establish a new record because of the increased interest in fishing. The tournament is going strong at the present time, having opened with a great pageant on January 7th, and it closes on the evening of April 14th. The tournament director is the very able Thomas Aitken, author and fisherman of the first rank, and under his guidance this contest will probably be the best managed event in the world. If you haven't entered a fish in this tournament as yet, it isn't too late to do it. The prizes are well worth your time and effort.

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This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** unless every member immediately notifies **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.



The Grand Exalted Ruler and officers of Ballard, Wash., Lodge with candidates who were initiated in honor of Mr. Warner's visit there.

(Continued from page 32)
a large class of candidates was conducted at Galveston, with the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary, and Grand Trustee Zietlow as honored guests. Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, D.D. Thomas W. Hopkins, and Walter W. Short, Past Pres. of the Texas State Elks Association, were also present. Tuesday evening Houston Lodge was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler and another large class of candidates was initiated.

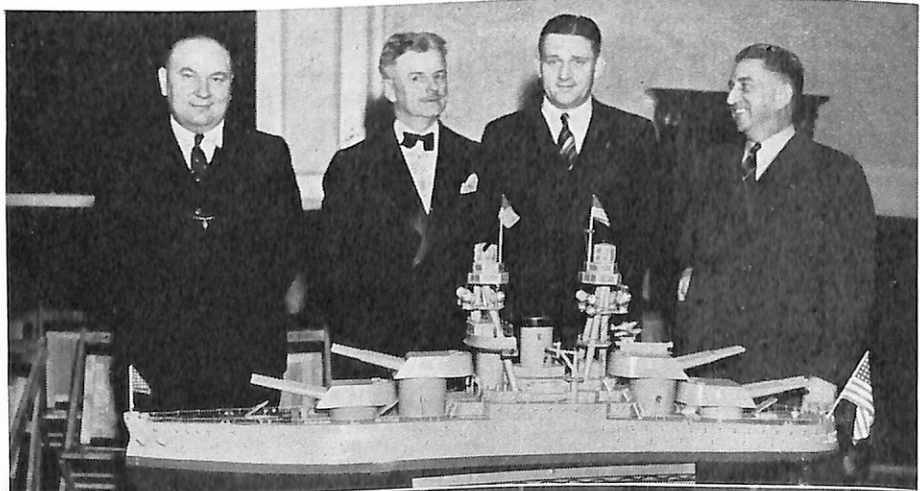
On December 6, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party proceeded to Dallas, Texas, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest at a luncheon given in his honor by members of the legal profession, and Grand Secretary Masters was likewise honored at a luncheon given by the Secretaries of Texas lodges.

On December 7 the Elks of Bristow, Okla., Lodge, No. 1614, celebrated the birthday of their most distinguished member, Governor Leon C. Phillips, and initiated a class of 82 candidates in his honor. A banquet was held at 6:30 P.M., which over 500 members, with their ladies,

Special Deputy Floyd Brown, and the Exalted Ruler of every lodge in Oklahoma, with the exception of one. E.R. Lawrence Jones of Bristow Lodge was Toastmaster.

During the banquet several musical numbers were sung by the El Reno Choral Club, which is composed entirely of members of El Reno Lodge. Immediately after the banquet a reception was held at the Roland Hotel for Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Masters, while the Grand Lodge Officers and other members of the Order attended the initiation. The ritualistic work was capably accomplished by the El Reno Team.

attended. Seated at the head table were Governor and Mrs. Phillips; Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and Mrs. Warner; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Mrs. Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Ford Zietlow, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Esquire George M. McLean; William L. Fogg, President of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn.; District Deputies C. R. Donley, Okla., West, and C. C. Armstrong, Okla., East;



Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with officers of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge when he stopped off for a celebration given in his honor.

Below: Mr. Warner is escorted into the lodge room of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.





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Never a Dull Moment!

You readers of The Elks Magazine have learned that there is never a dull moment between its covers.

Ace cartoonists are well represented throughout every issue along with really top-flight illustrations and fiction, authoritative special features. All this, of course, in addition to intimate news of local Lodges from coast to coast—which is our number one job.

Turning out a magazine of such high calibre means extra costs in time, effort and money. But it has resulted in the outstanding magazine in its field, of which every Elk may be proud.

Many new features and departments have been added in the past year. Maybe you've been missing some of them. If you are one of our few subscribers who is not a cover-to-cover reader, take a fresh viewpoint and try *every* story, *every* feature and *every* article. Then tell us, as hundreds of other readers have, which features you like best.

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in slower-burning
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famed sports writer
and columnist



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BUT I LIKE MY
SMOKING SLOW.
MILDER, COOLER
CAMELS ARE CHAMPS
WITH ME



LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and Camels—*slow-burning* Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

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BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

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